



MICKEY FINN



ROSCOE



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

FEATURE

COMICS

SM
★
6



JUNE
No. 111

The **DOLL MAN**
greet
**THE RETURN OF THE
UNDERTAKER!**

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢



LALA PALOOZA



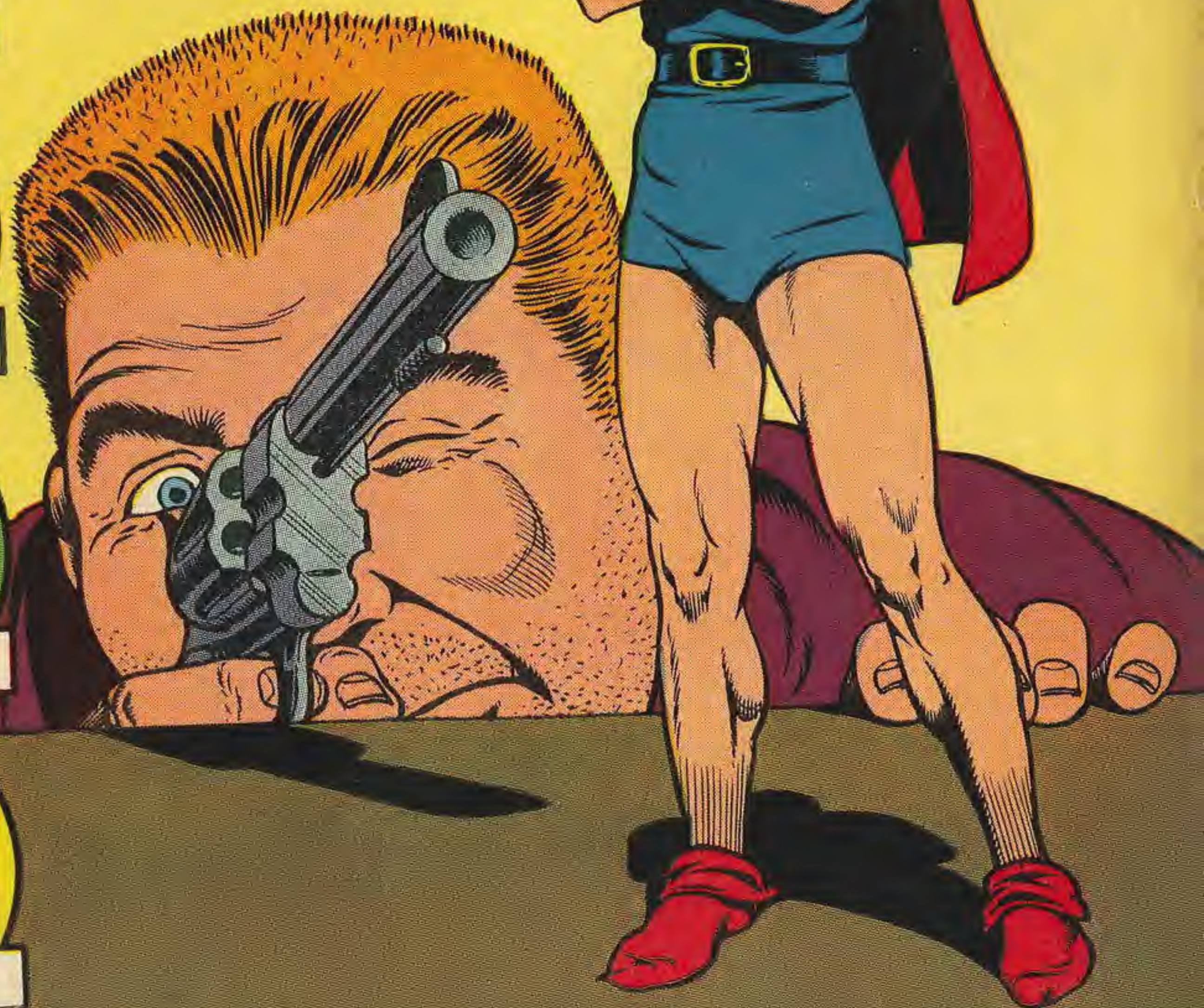
RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

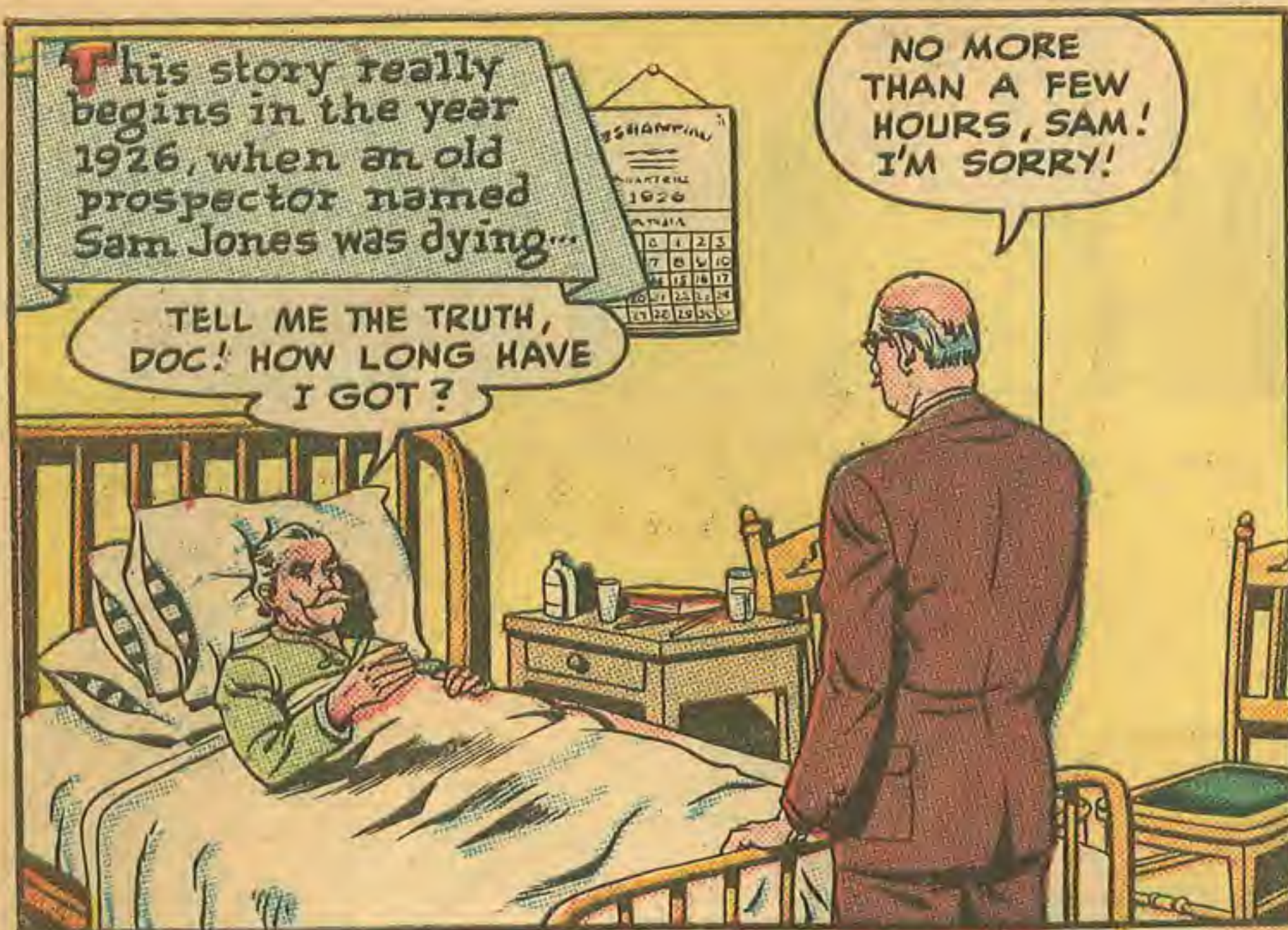
HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

The DOLL MAN



Listen to that mournful laughter! It is the voice of **THE UNDERTAKER** you hear, as that solemn master of menace returns from the grave to traffic once more in the affairs of the **DEAD** ... this time dead letters from the past, undelivered and forgotten!

But THE DOLL MAN, the world's mightiest mite, finds that letters from the past can bear a tale of present trouble and danger!



But that letter was destined never to arrive!



A LITTLE RESEARCH CONVINCED ME THAT THIS LETTER WAS PART OF THE LOOT IN THAT FAMED TRAIN ROBBERY! ALL OF THE BANDITS, EXCEPT ONE, HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO JUSTICE AND MOST OF THE LOOT RECOVERED! THIS MAN'S NAME IS JOHN PENDLETON!



FEATURE COMICS

It is said that a bad conscience follows its owner to the grave! But John Pendleton is not dead... **YET!**

WHAT'S THAT?
WHO'S THERE?



I HEARD SOMEONE IN THE NEXT ROOM! THE SERVANTS HAVE GONE TO BED! IT MUST BE AN INTRUDER!



AH, MR. PENDLETON! I DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKEN YOU!

I WASN'T ASLEEP, UNLUCKILY FOR YOU! PUT UP YOUR HANDS! I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH ROBBERS!



YOU SHOULD, MR. PENDLETON! AFTER ALL, IT IS NOT TOO MANY YEARS SINCE YOU ROBBED THAT MAIL TRAIN WITH YOUR CONFEDERATES!

YOU... YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT! BUT HOW?



I AM NO ORDINARY THIEF, MR. PENDLETON! I AM INTERESTED ONLY IN CERTAIN PRIZES! LETTERS, FOR INSTANCE! **DEAD** LETTERS, PREFERABLY, SINCE MEN CALL ME THE **UNDERTAKER!**



YOU CAN SAVE TIME BY TELLING ME WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THEM!

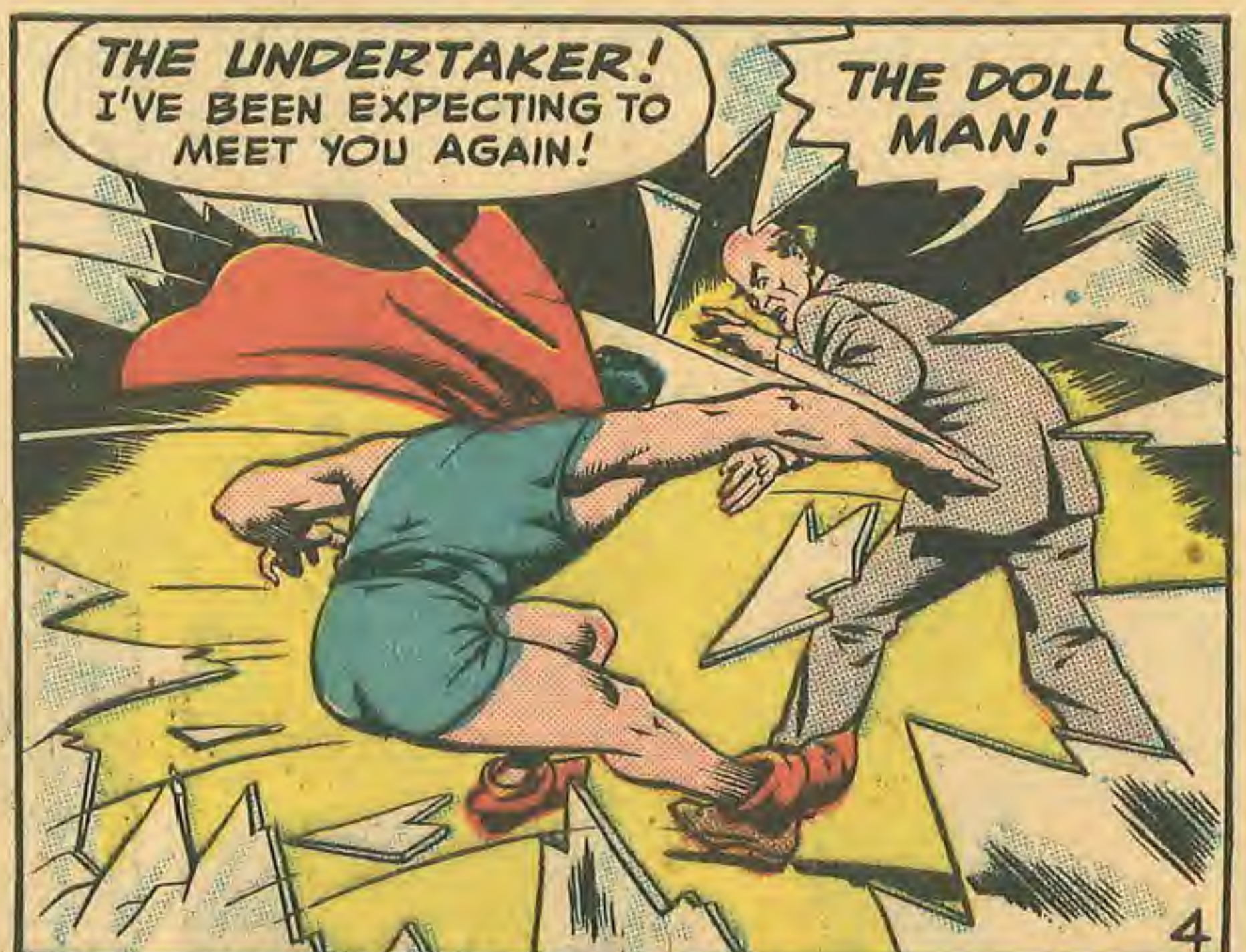
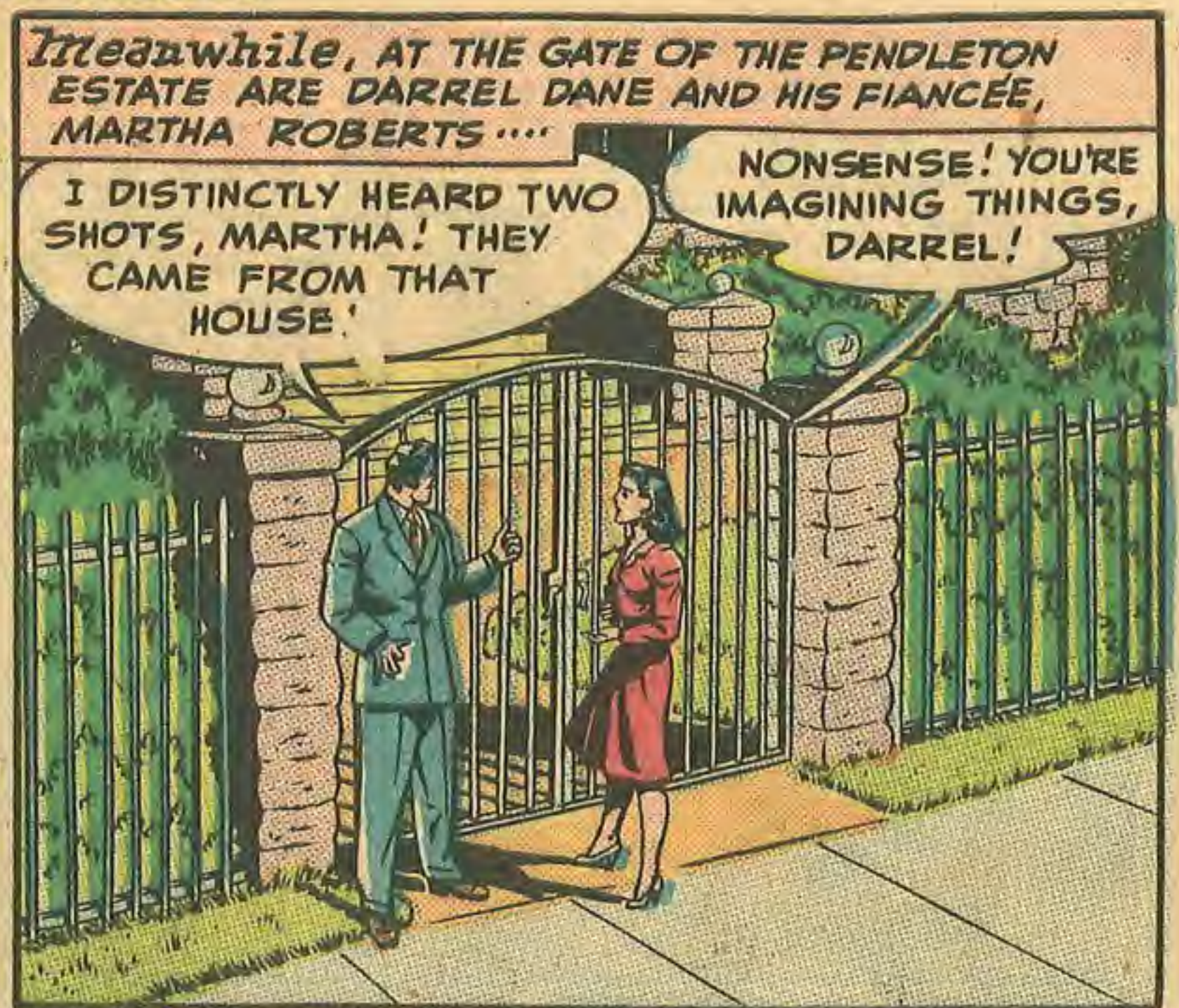
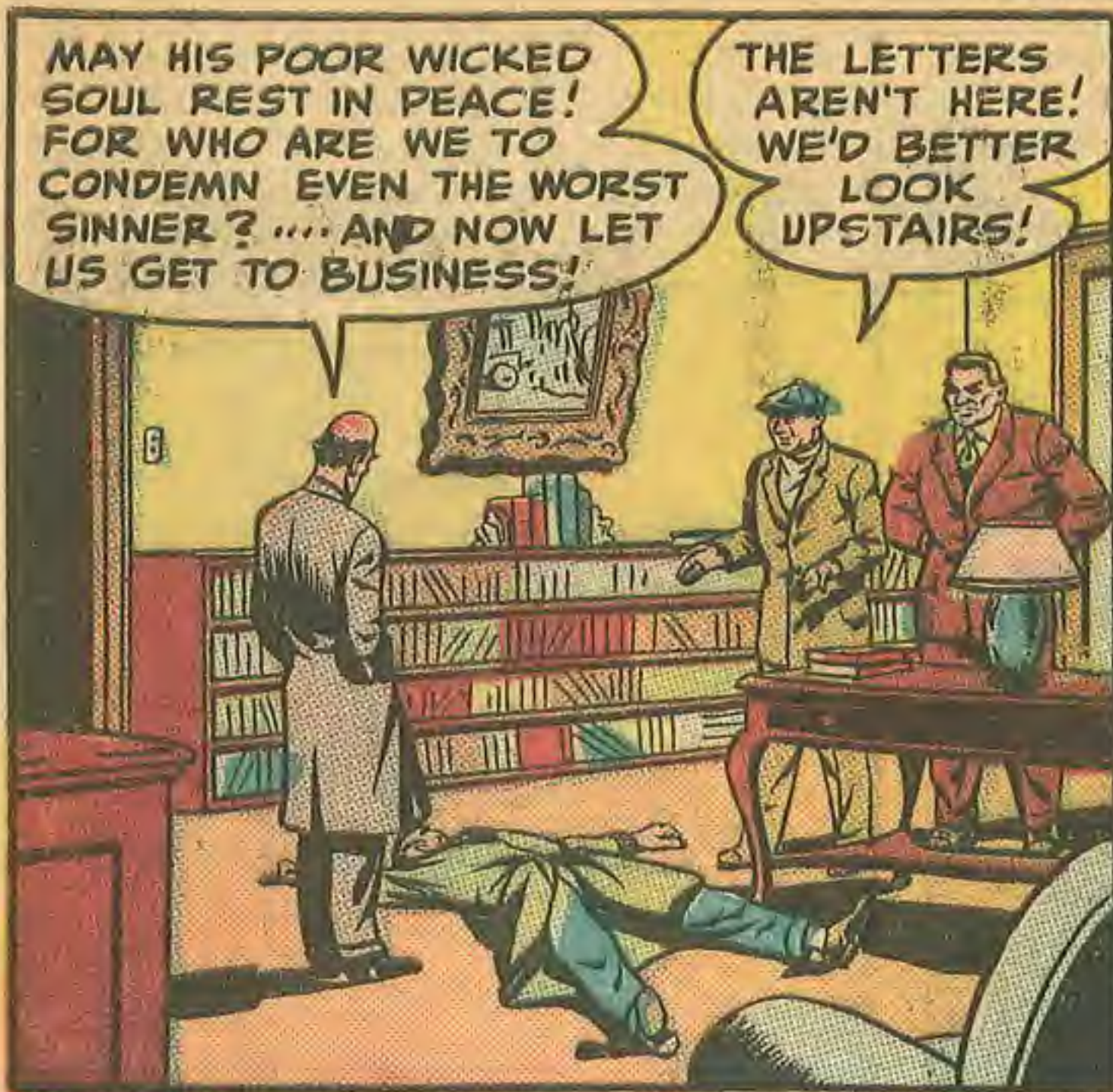
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH TO LIVE! I'LL KILL...



TSK! TSK! IN THE MIDST OF LIFE, WE ARE CLAIMED BY DEATH!

AGGHH!

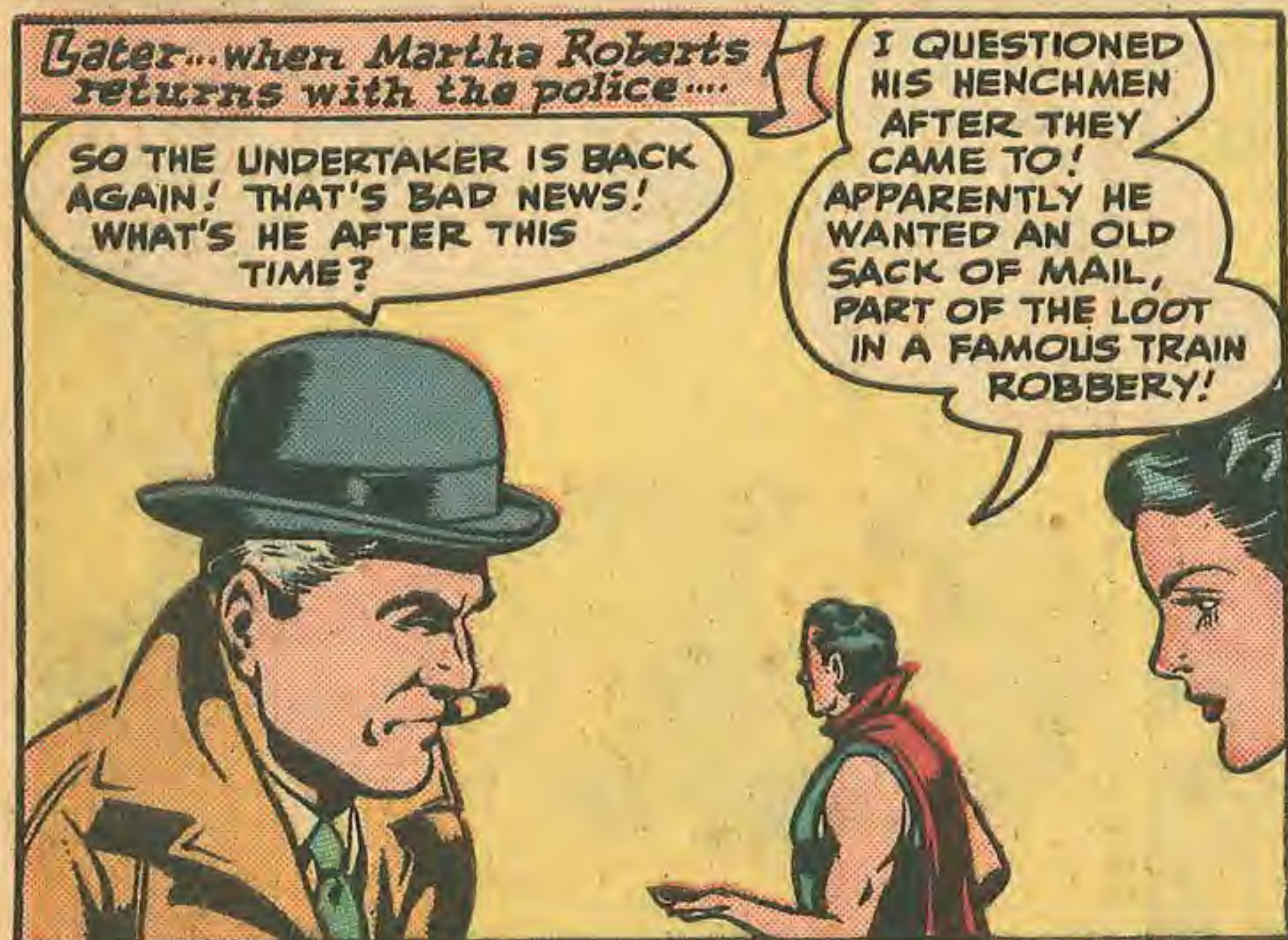




FEATURE COMICS



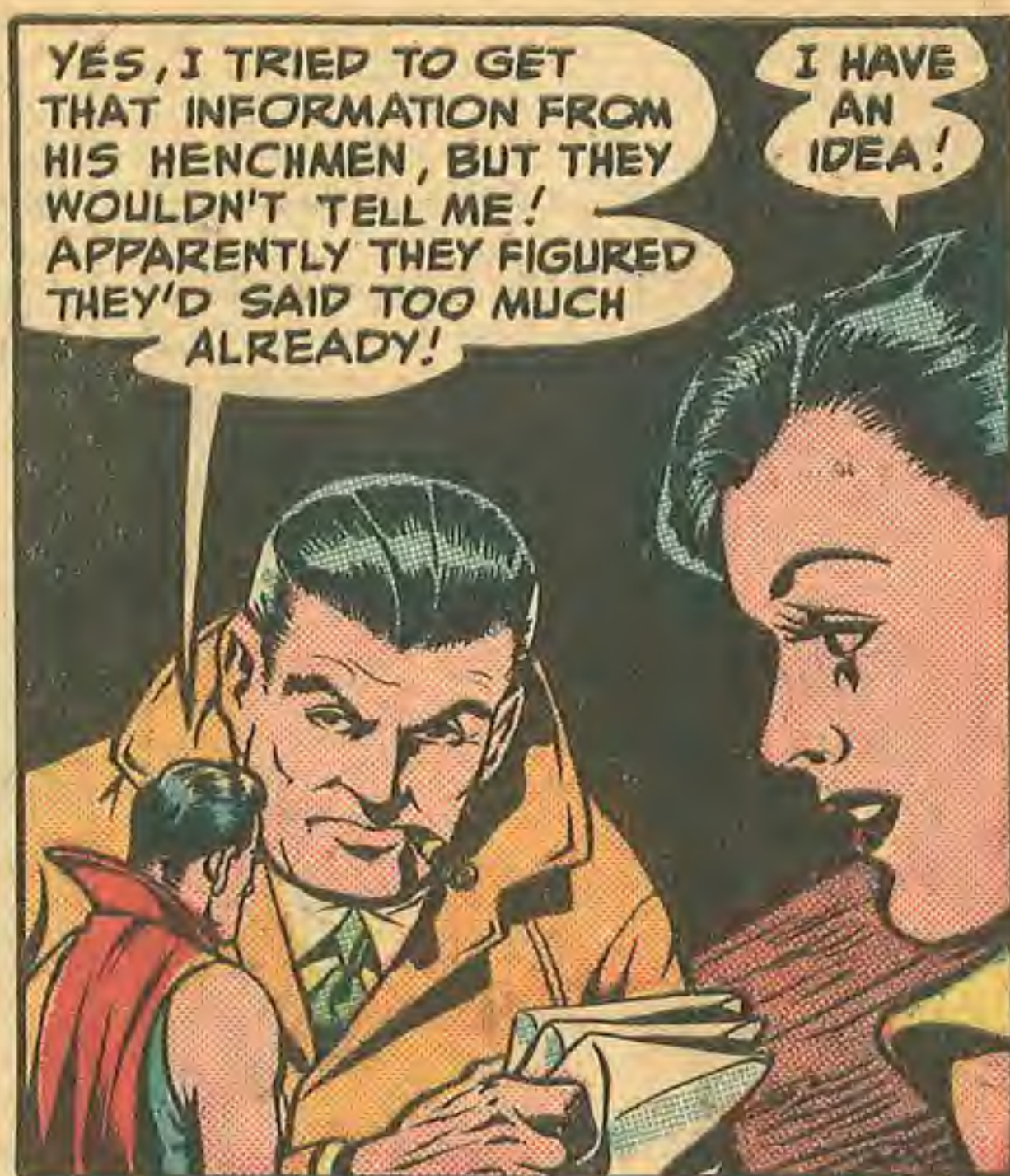
FEATURE COMICS





I GUESS PENDLETON STOLE EVERYTHING OF VALUE! THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT THESE TWENTY-YEAR-OLD UNDELIVERED LETTERS!

YET ONE OF THE LETTERS MUST CONTAIN WHAT THE UNDERTAKER WANTS!



YES, I TRIED TO GET THAT INFORMATION FROM HIS HENCHMEN, BUT THEY WOULDN'T TELL ME! APPARENTLY THEY FIGURED THEY'D SAID TOO MUCH ALREADY!

I HAVE AN IDEA!



WHY NOT LET ME DELIVER THESE LETTERS? PLAY UP THE STORY IN THE NEWSPAPERS! THE UNDERTAKER WILL BE SURE TO TRY AGAIN!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MARTHA! AND NEXT TIME, WE'LL BE ON HAND TO TRAP HIM! ER...I'LL ASK DARREL DANE TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU, TOO!



I WONDER IF DARREL DANE REALLY IS THE DOLL MAN! THIS MAY BE A GOOD CHANCE TO FIND OUT!

LET'S SEE NOW! THE FIRST LETTER WAS ADDRESSED TO HARVEY WRIGHT AT 136 LEKRON ROAD...



Early next morning...

THIS LETTER IS TWENTY YEARS OLD, SIR! BUT IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU!

OH, YOU'RE THE YOUNG GIRL I'VE JUST BEEN READING ABOUT IN THE PAPER! GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT ANY OF THAT MAIL WAS FOR AN OLD BACHELOR LIKE ME!



WHY THIS IS FROM ELLA MAE! SHE WAS MY GIRL TWENTY YEARS AGO! I PROPOSED TO HER AND-AND THIS IS THE ANSWER I NEVER GOT!

DID SHE REFUSE YOU?



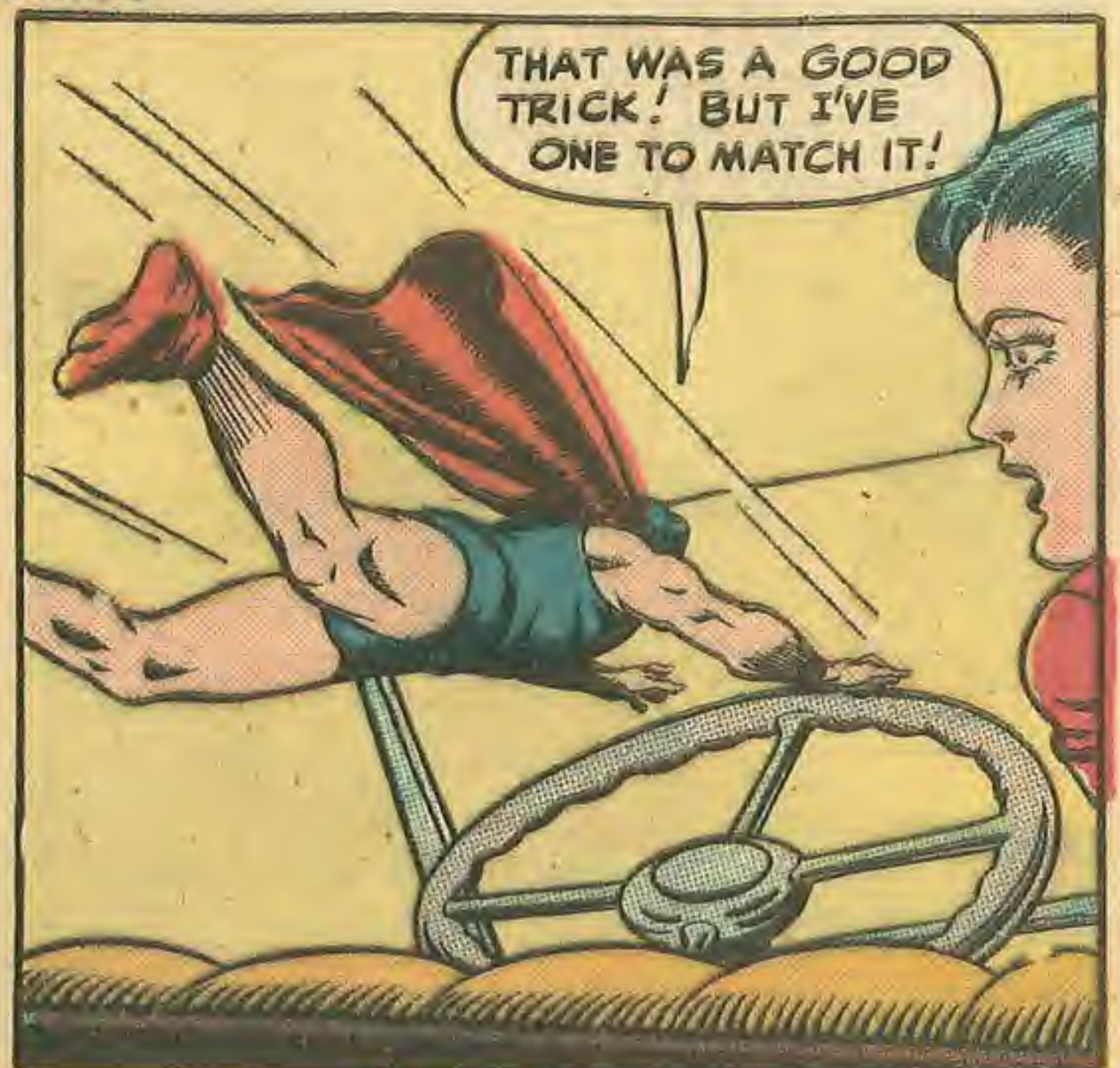
I THOUGHT SHE DID! I LEFT TOWN THE NEXT DAY AND DIDN'T RETURN FOR YEARS! THEN I MOVED INTO THE SAME HOUSE FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS! NOW...NOW THIS LETTER COMES TO TELL ME HER ANSWER WAS YES! BUT IT'S TWENTY YEARS TOO LATE!

I'M SORRY!

FEATURE COMICS

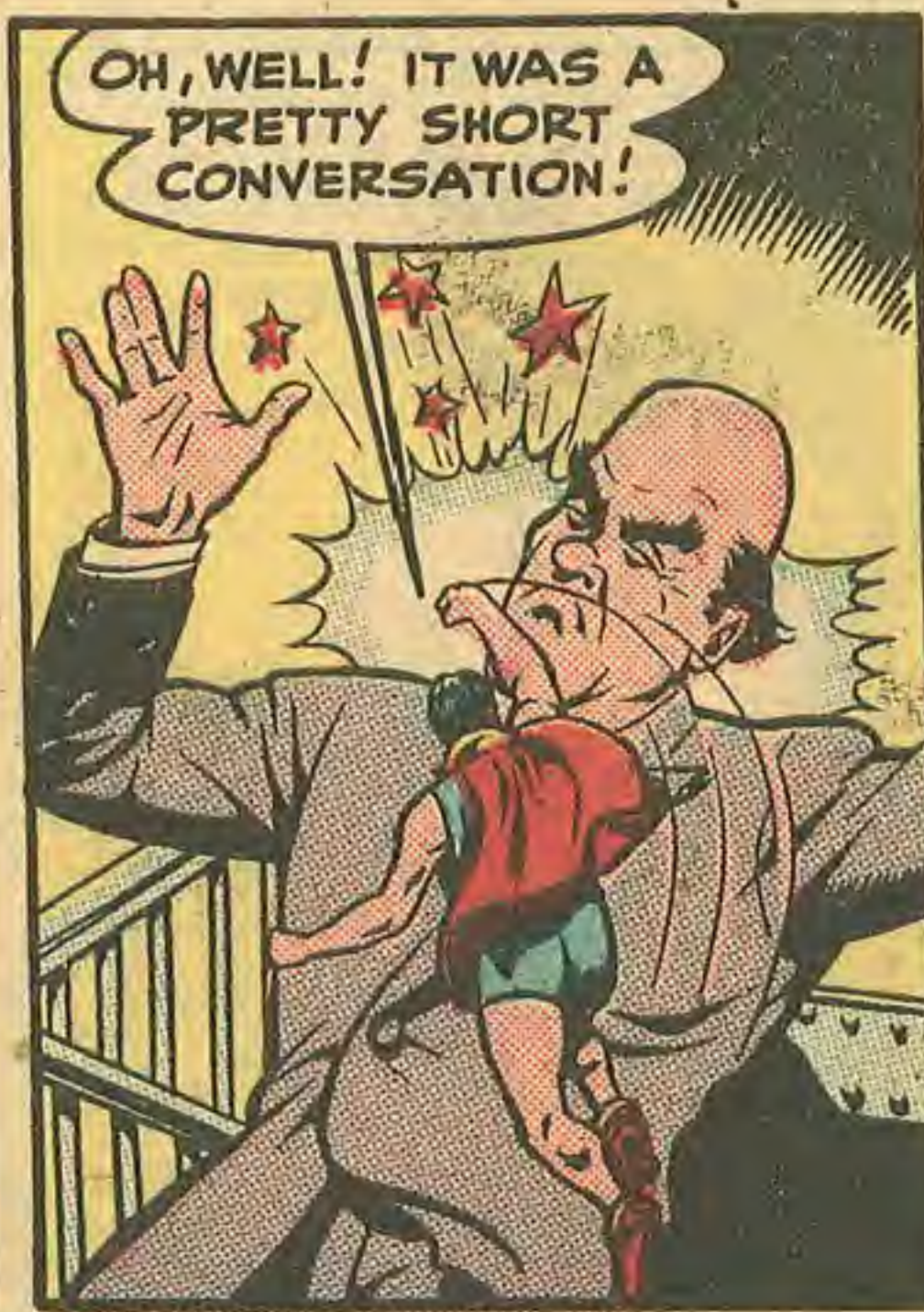
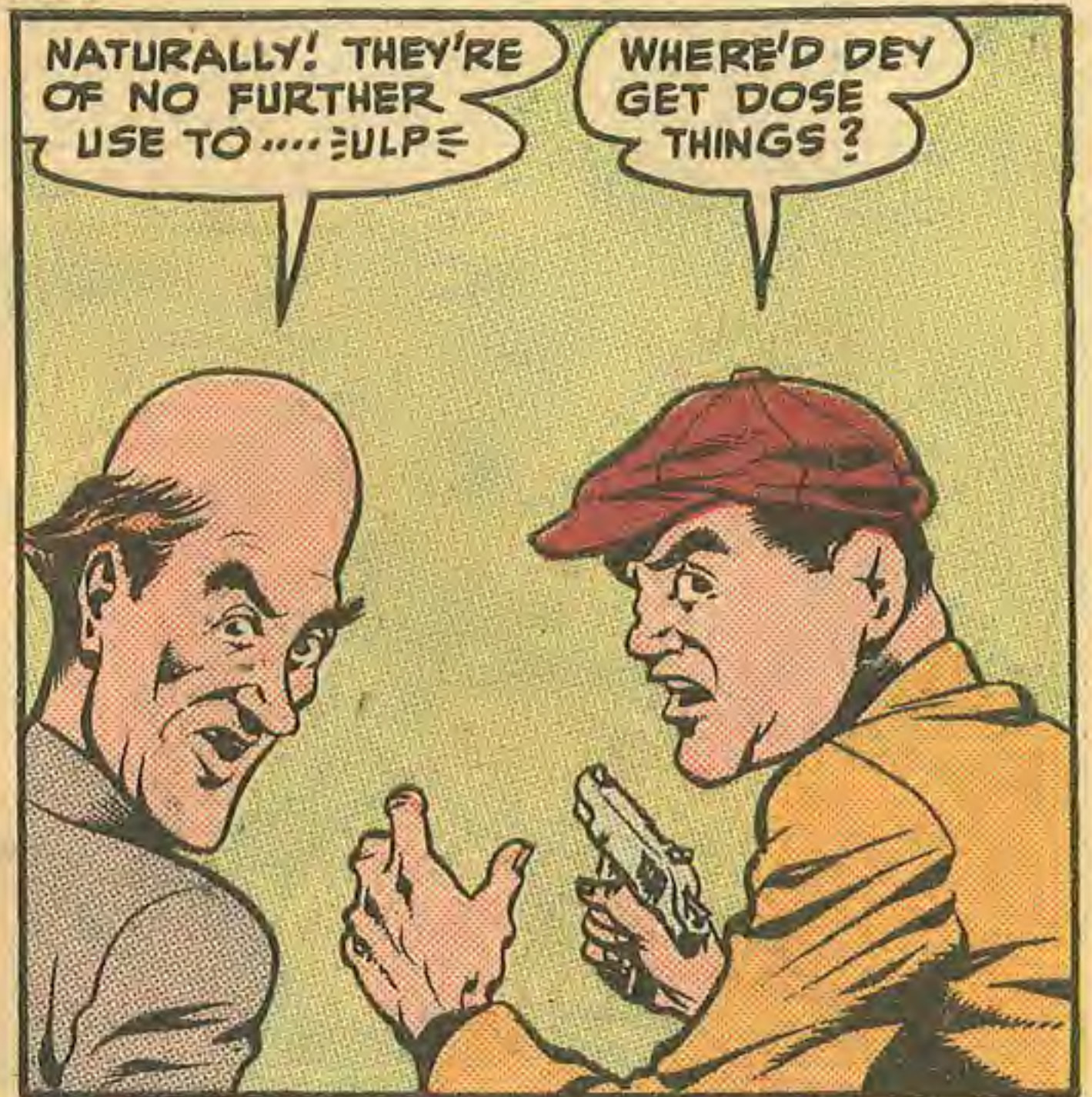








FEATURE COMICS



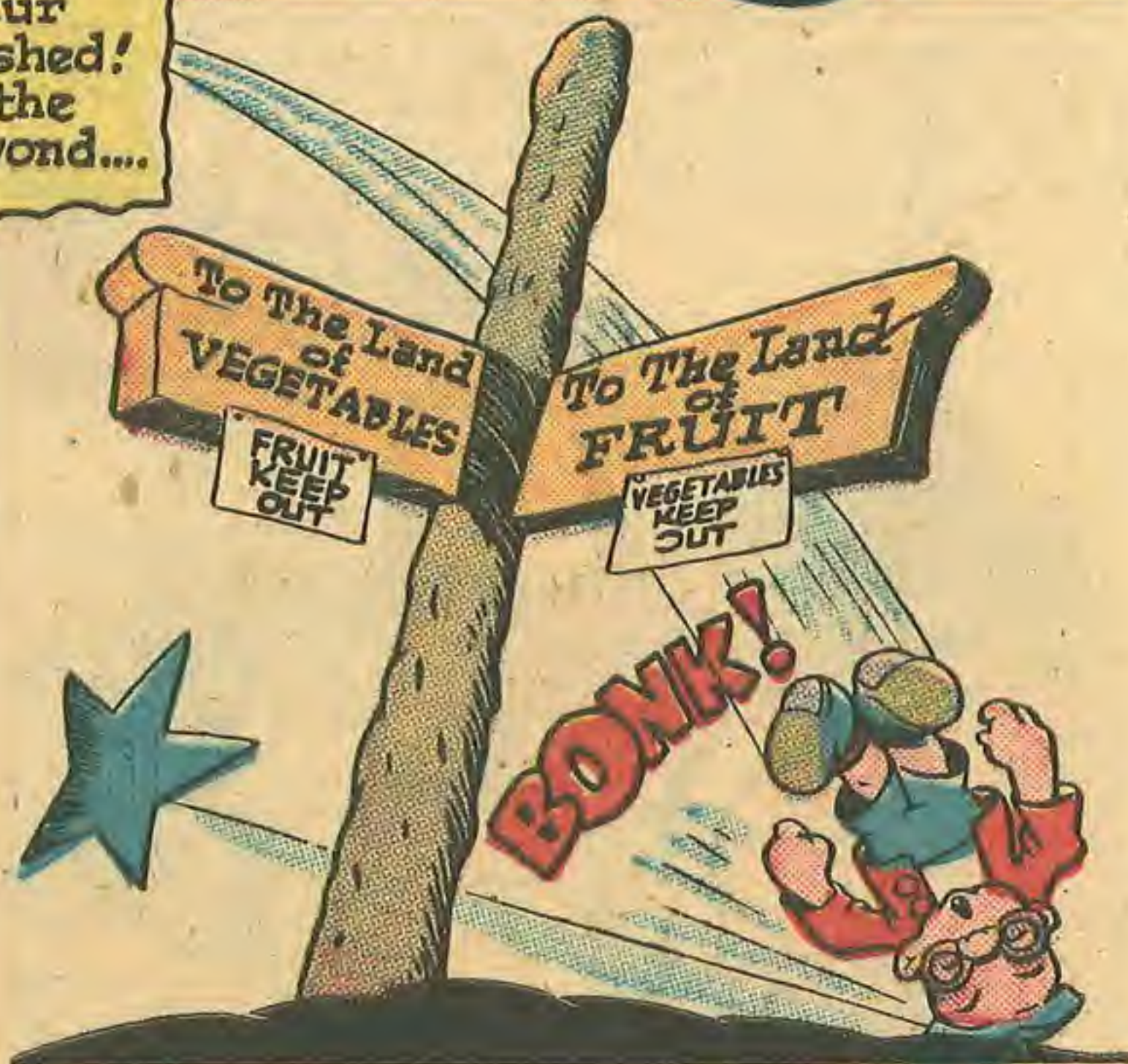
FEATURE COMICS

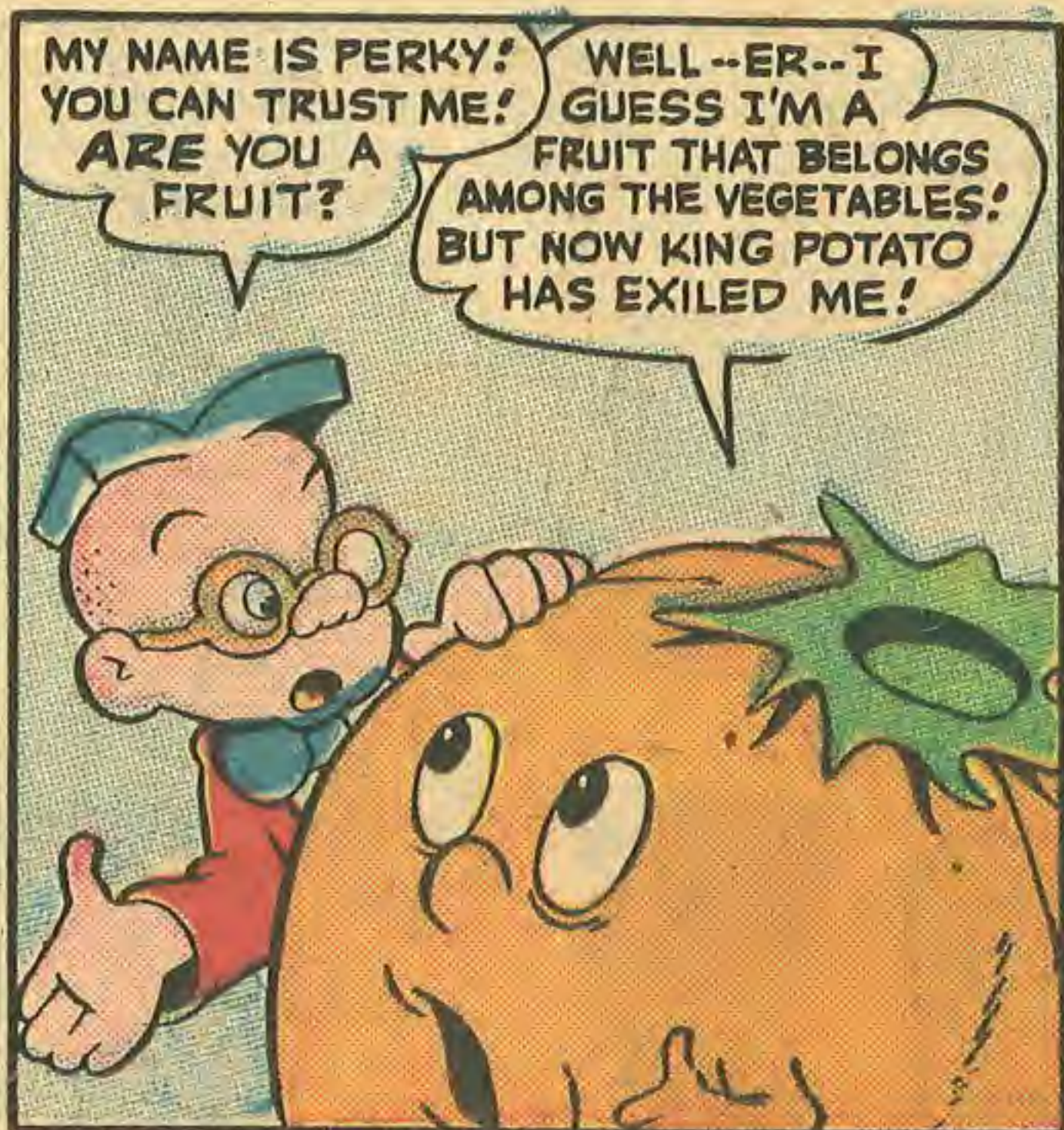
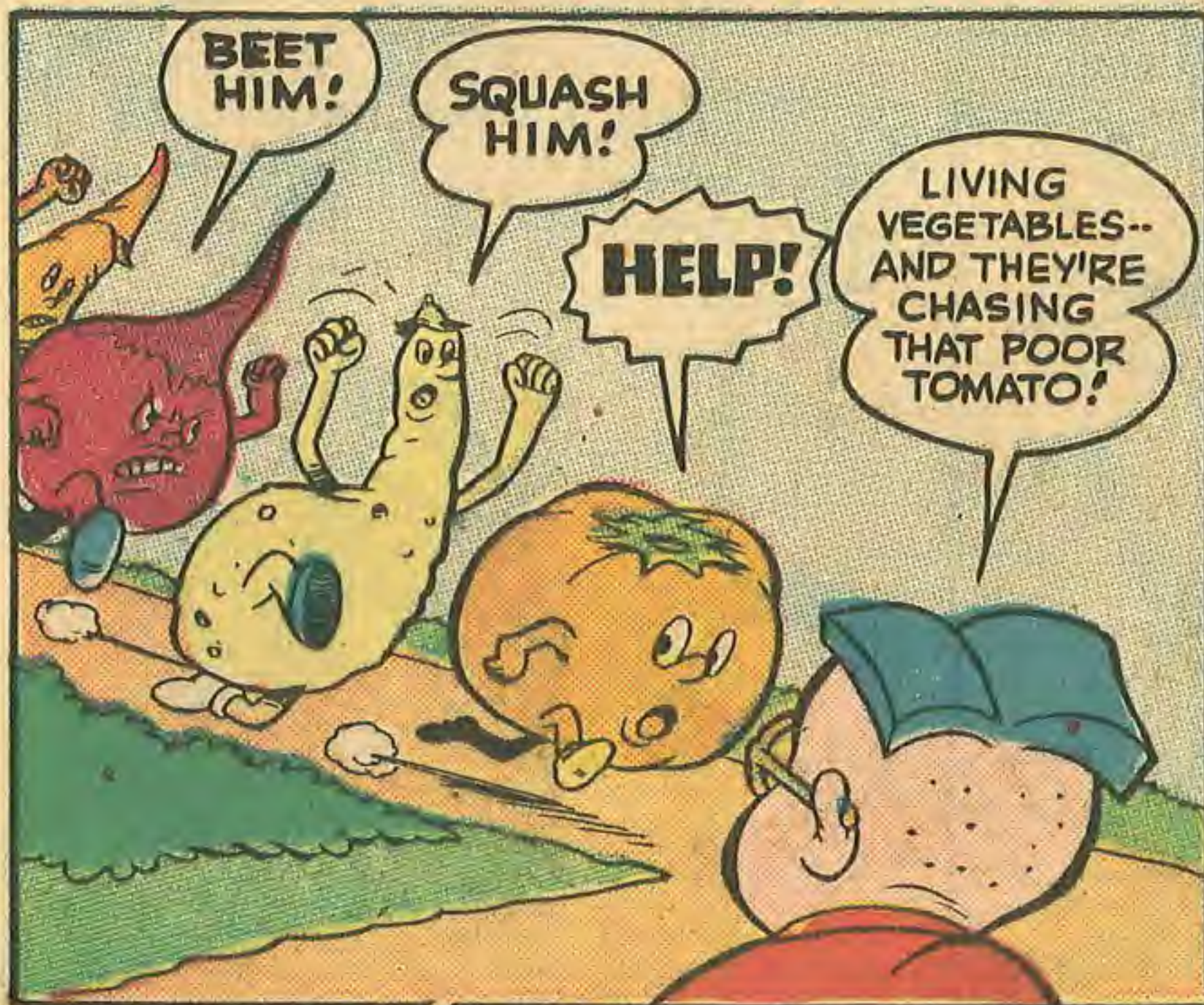


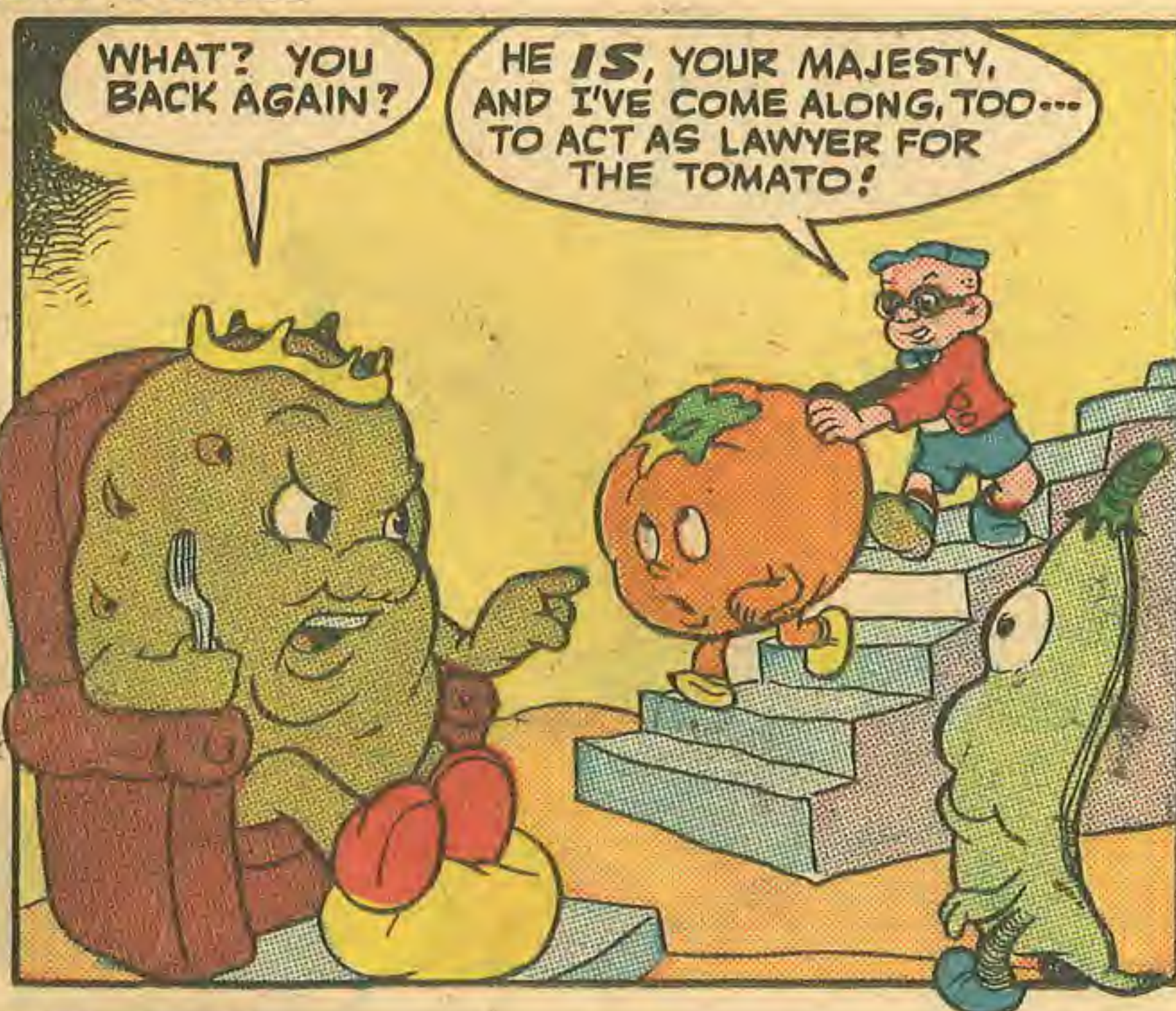
PERKY

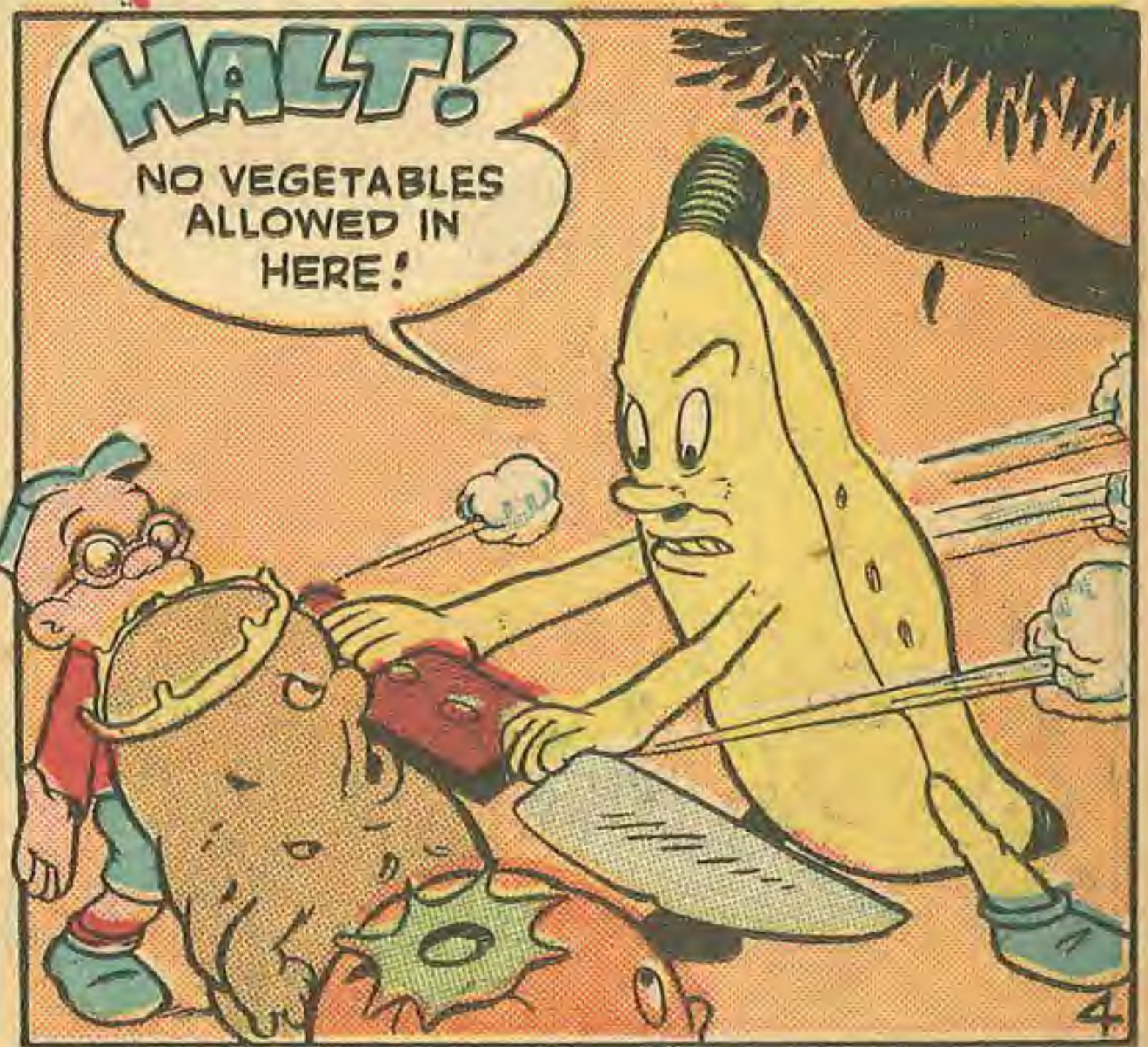
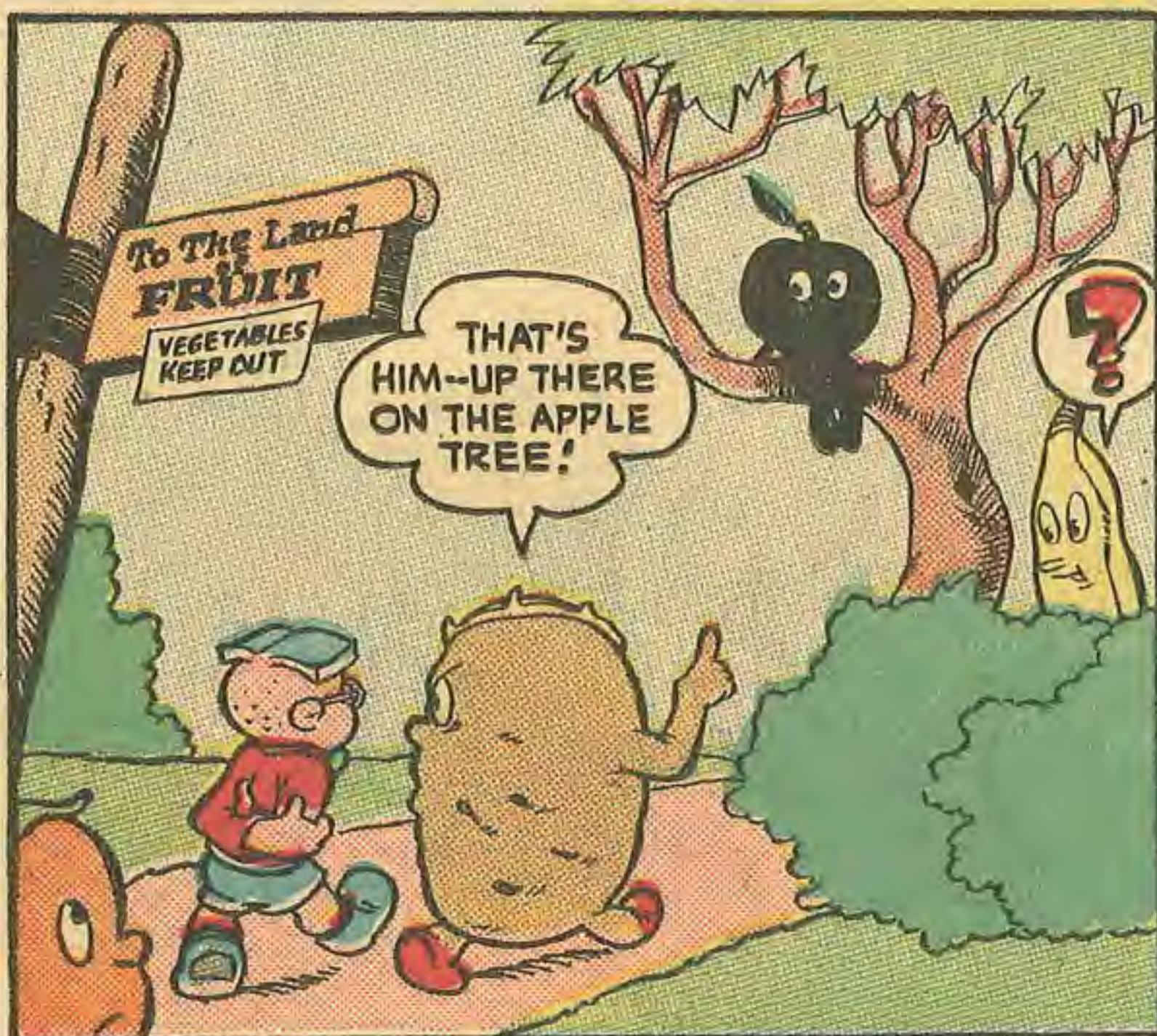
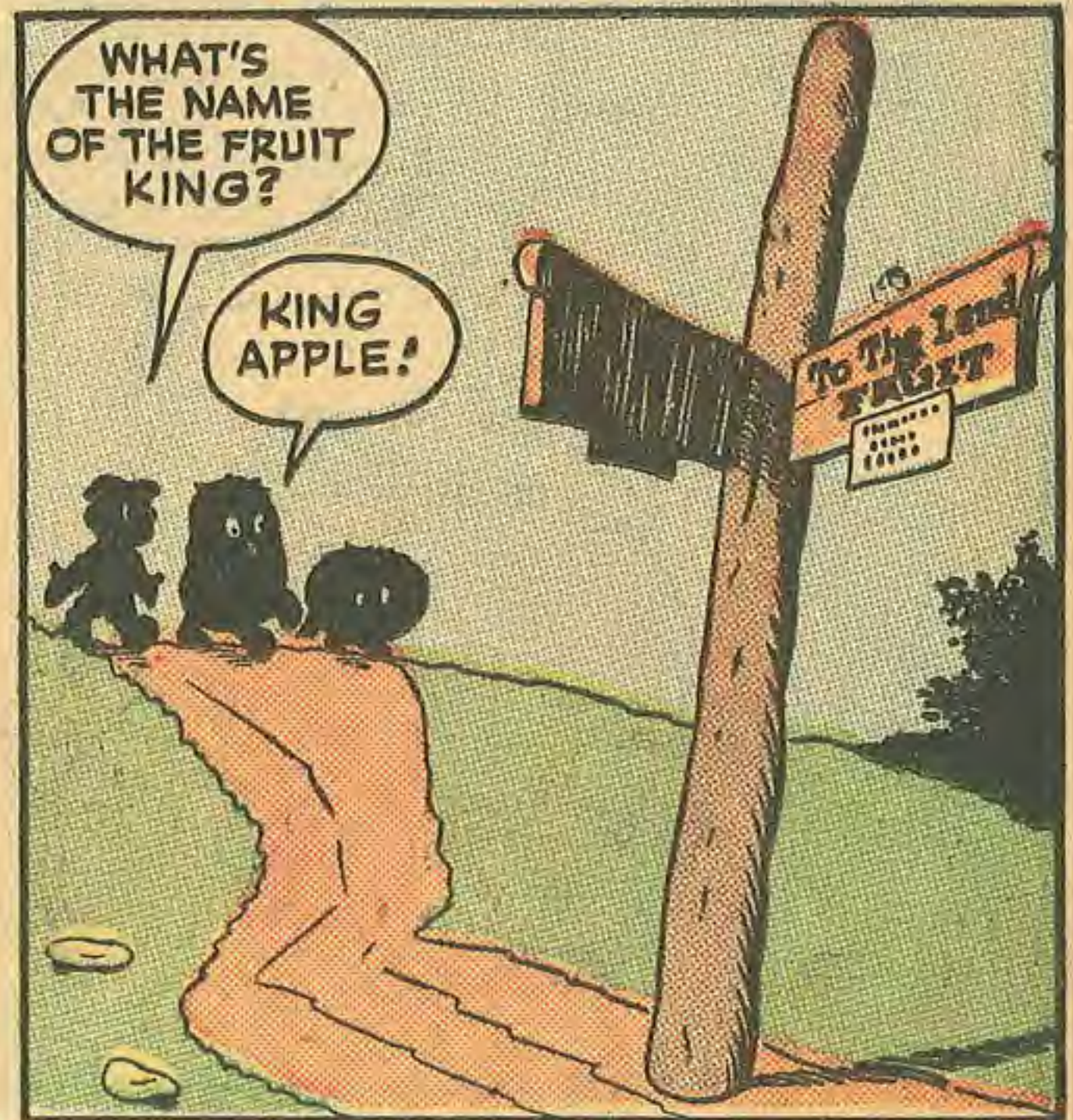


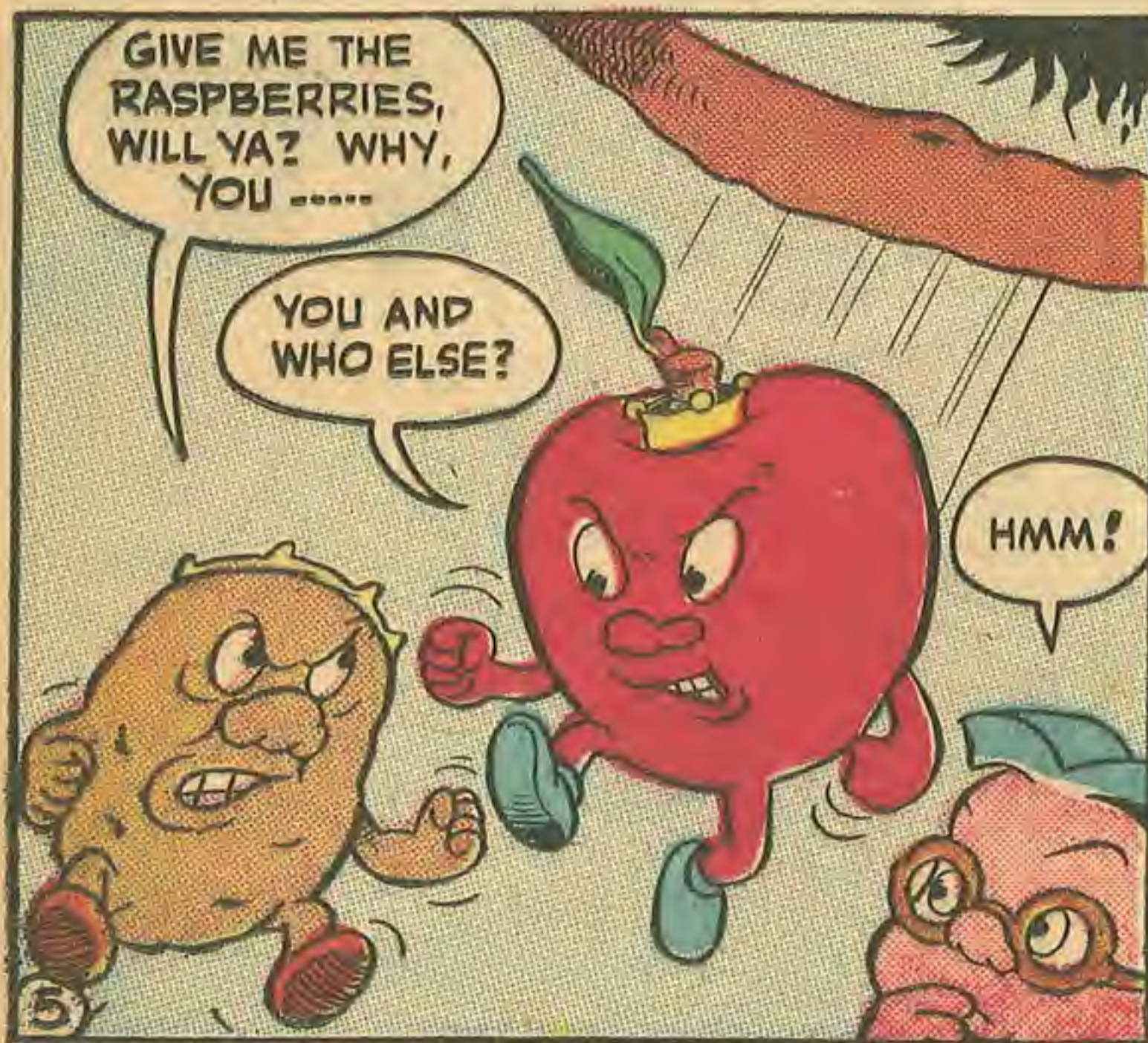
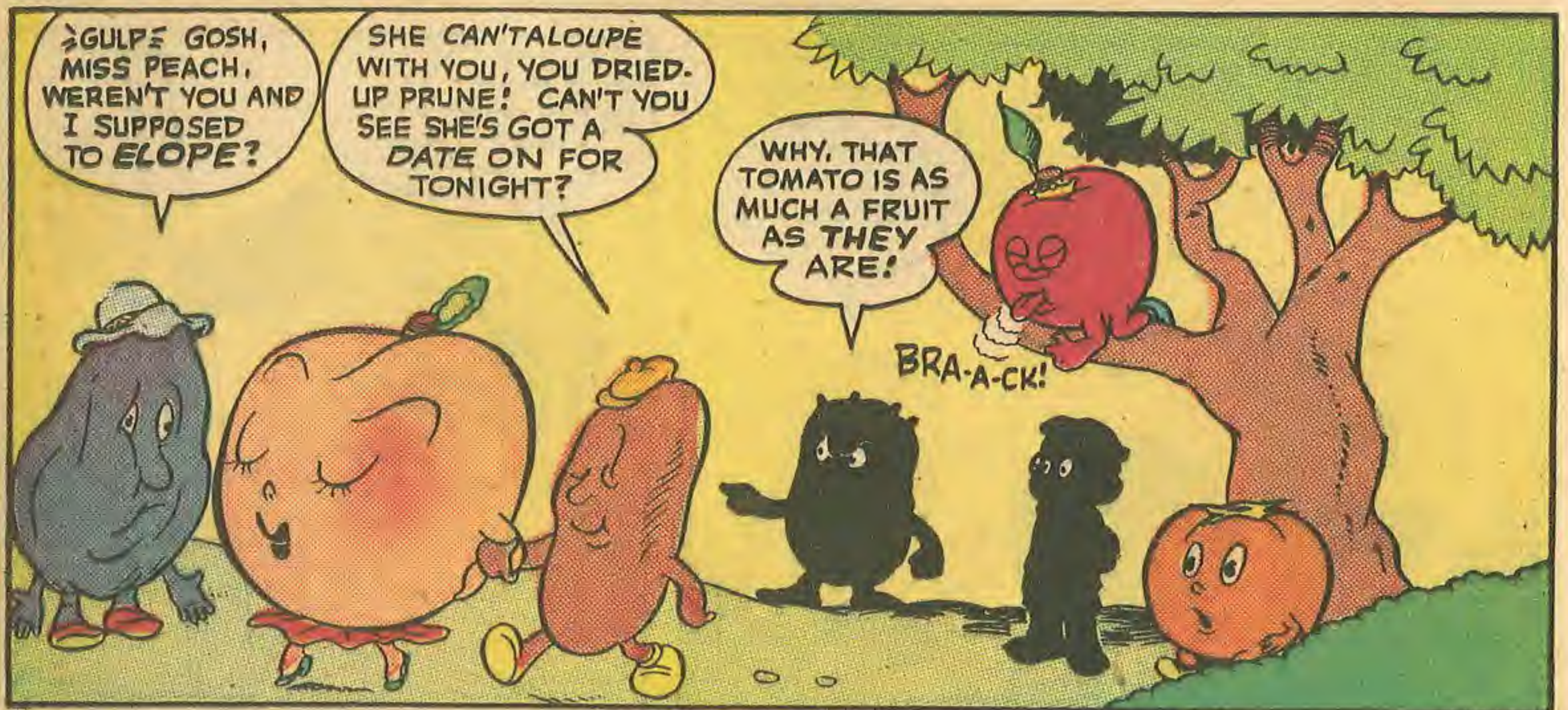
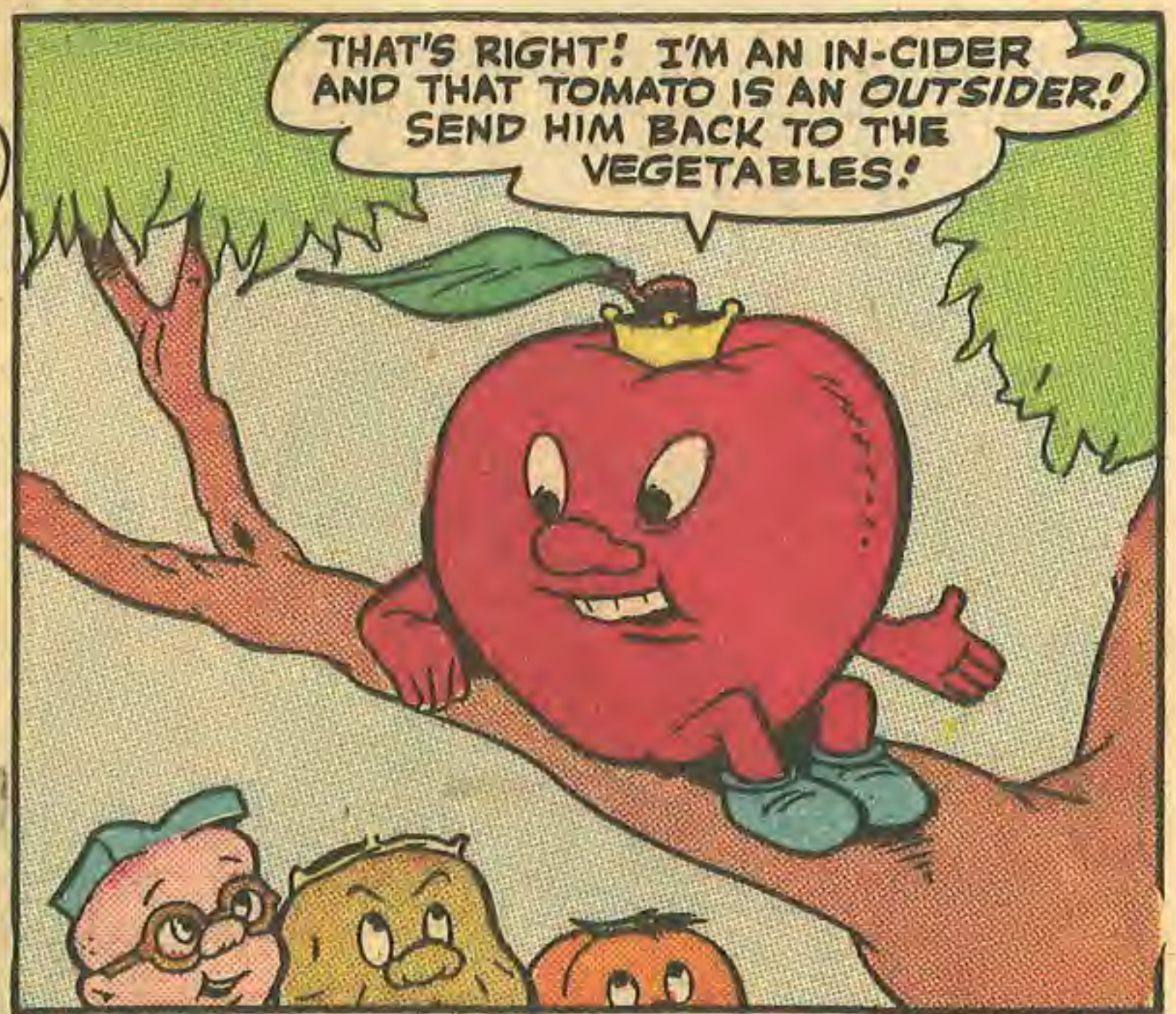
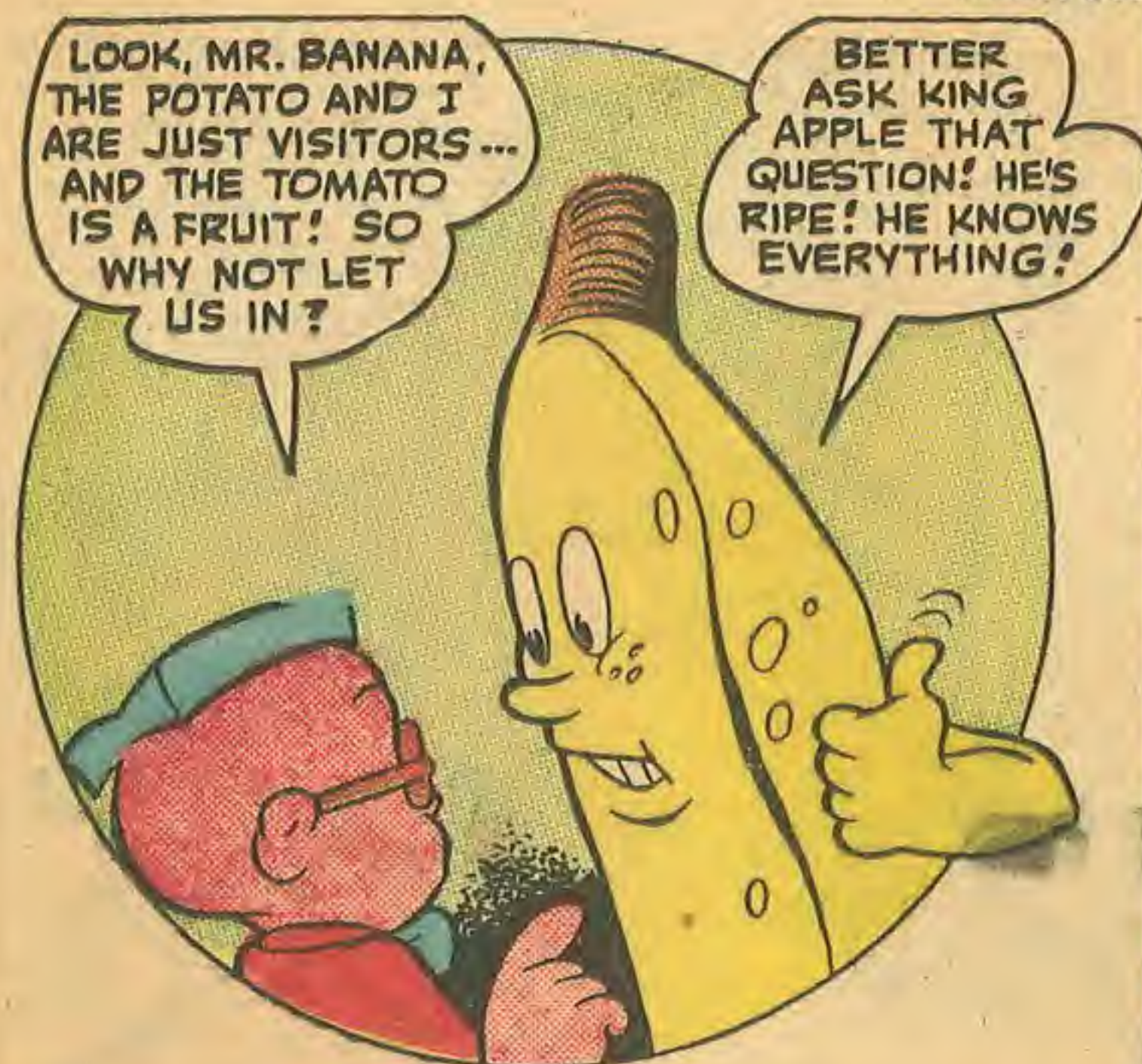
ANIMAL, mineral or vegetable, Perky is the wonder boy who volunteered at the vaudeville show to step into the amateur magician's vanishing box--and then vanished! Ever since, each time the lever on the box is pulled, Perky goes off to worlds beyond....



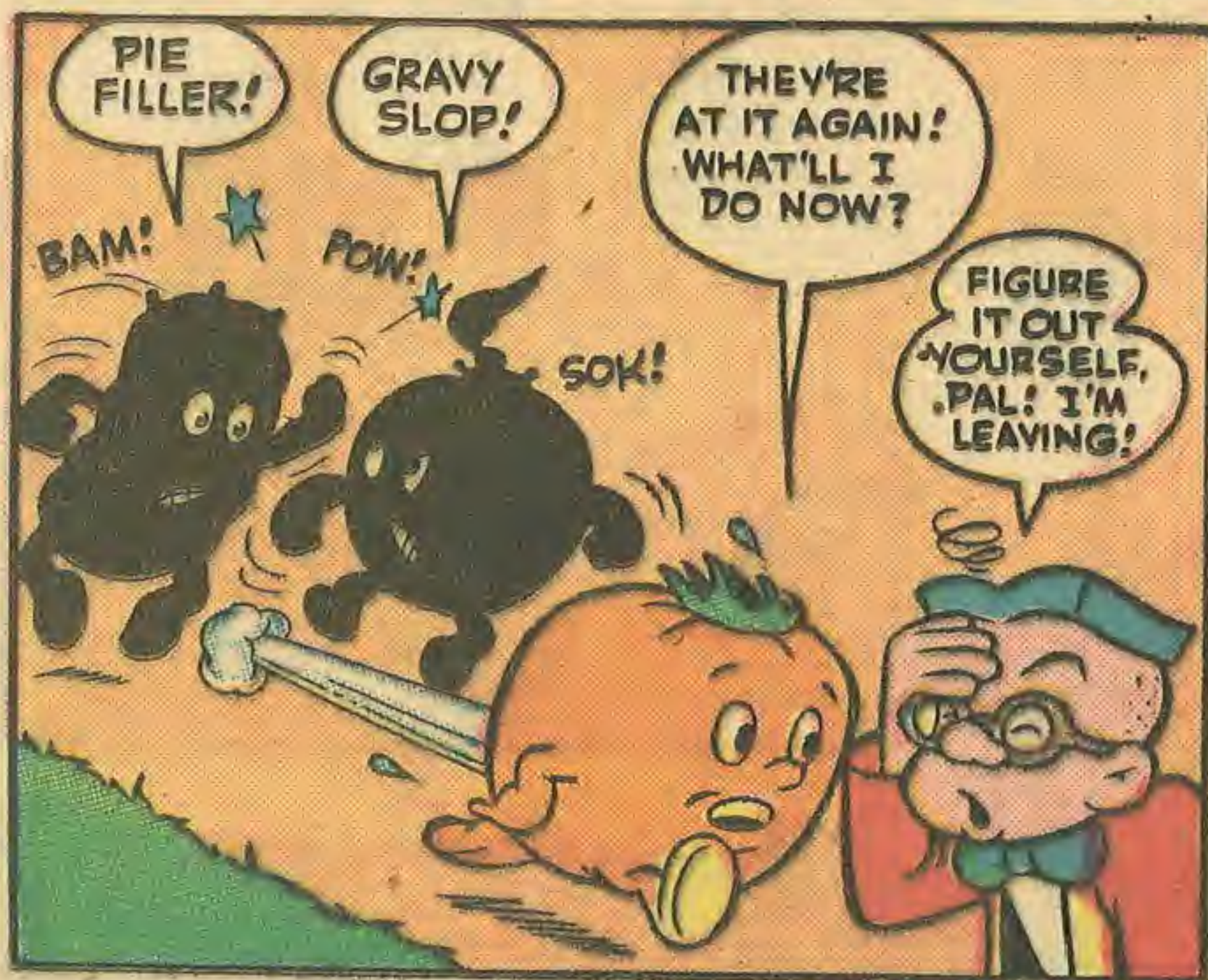
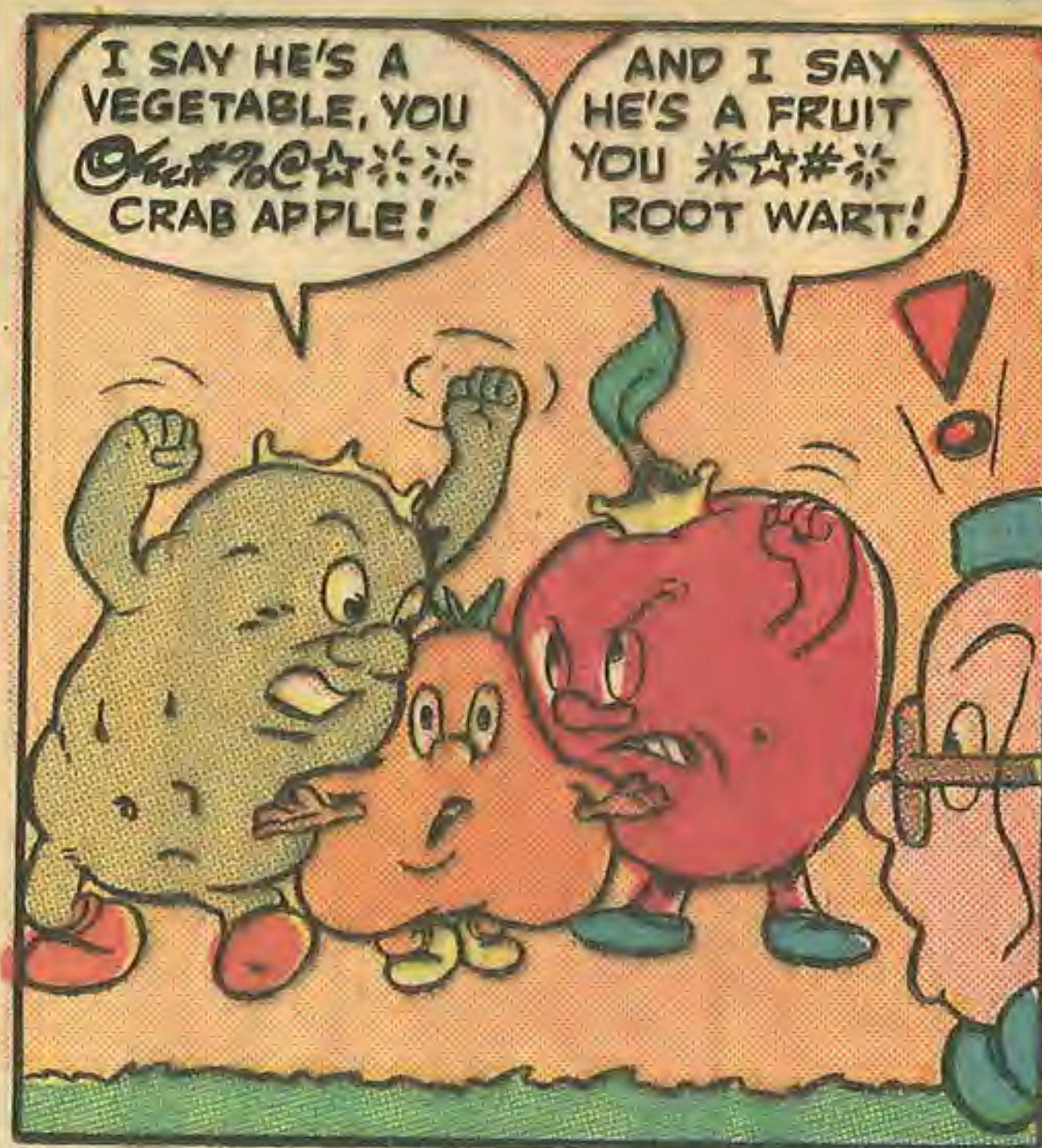
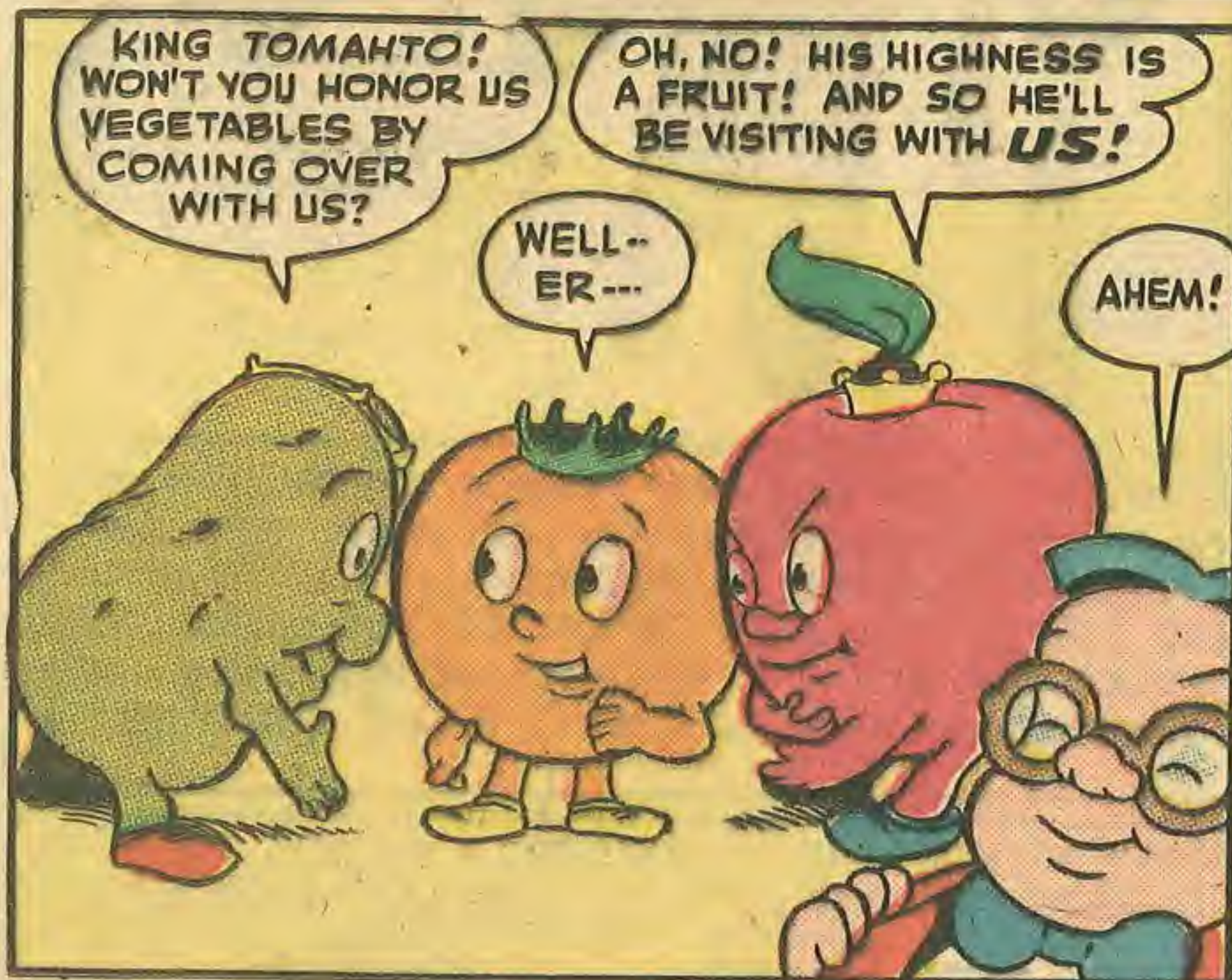








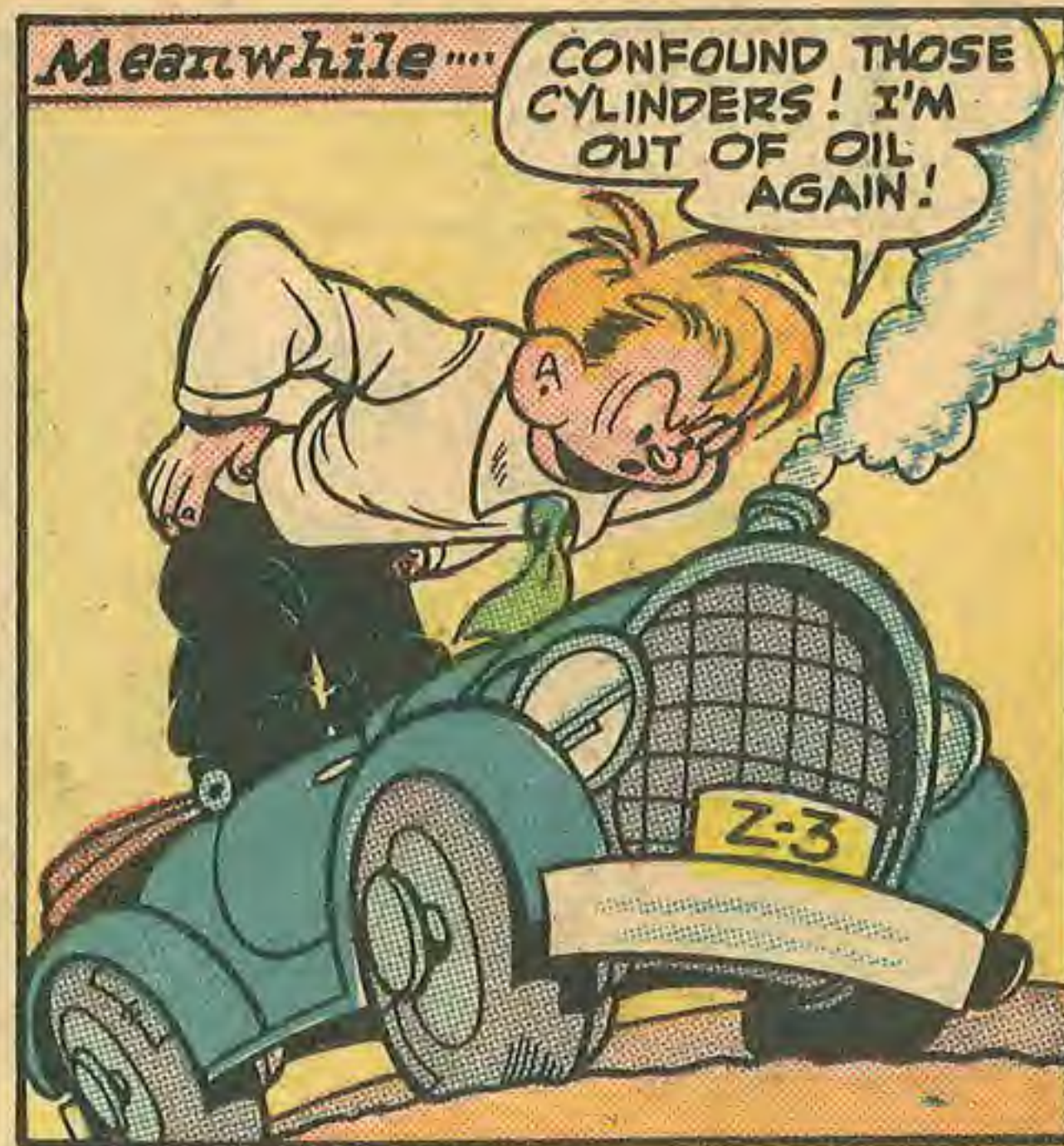
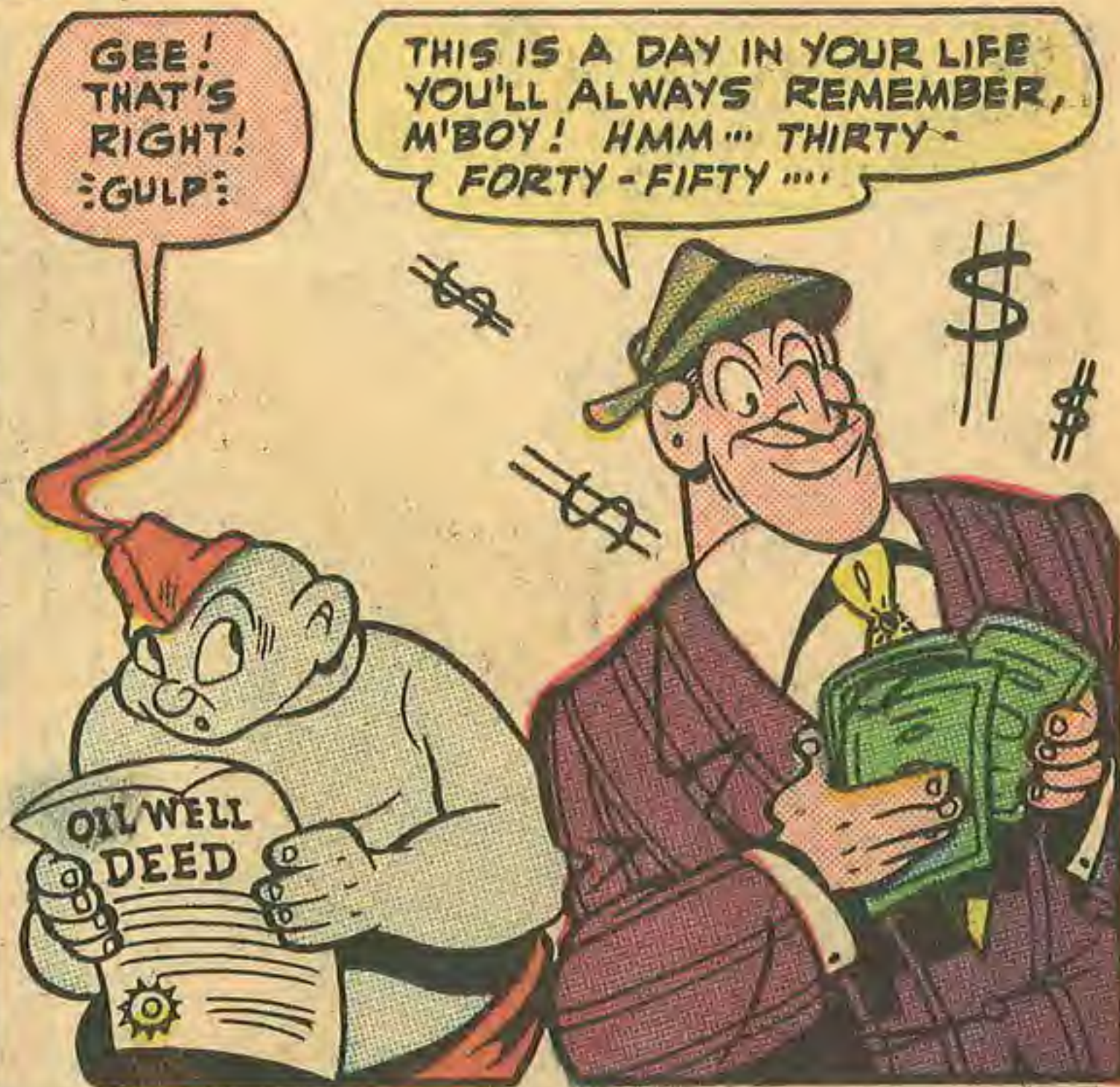
FEATURE COMICS

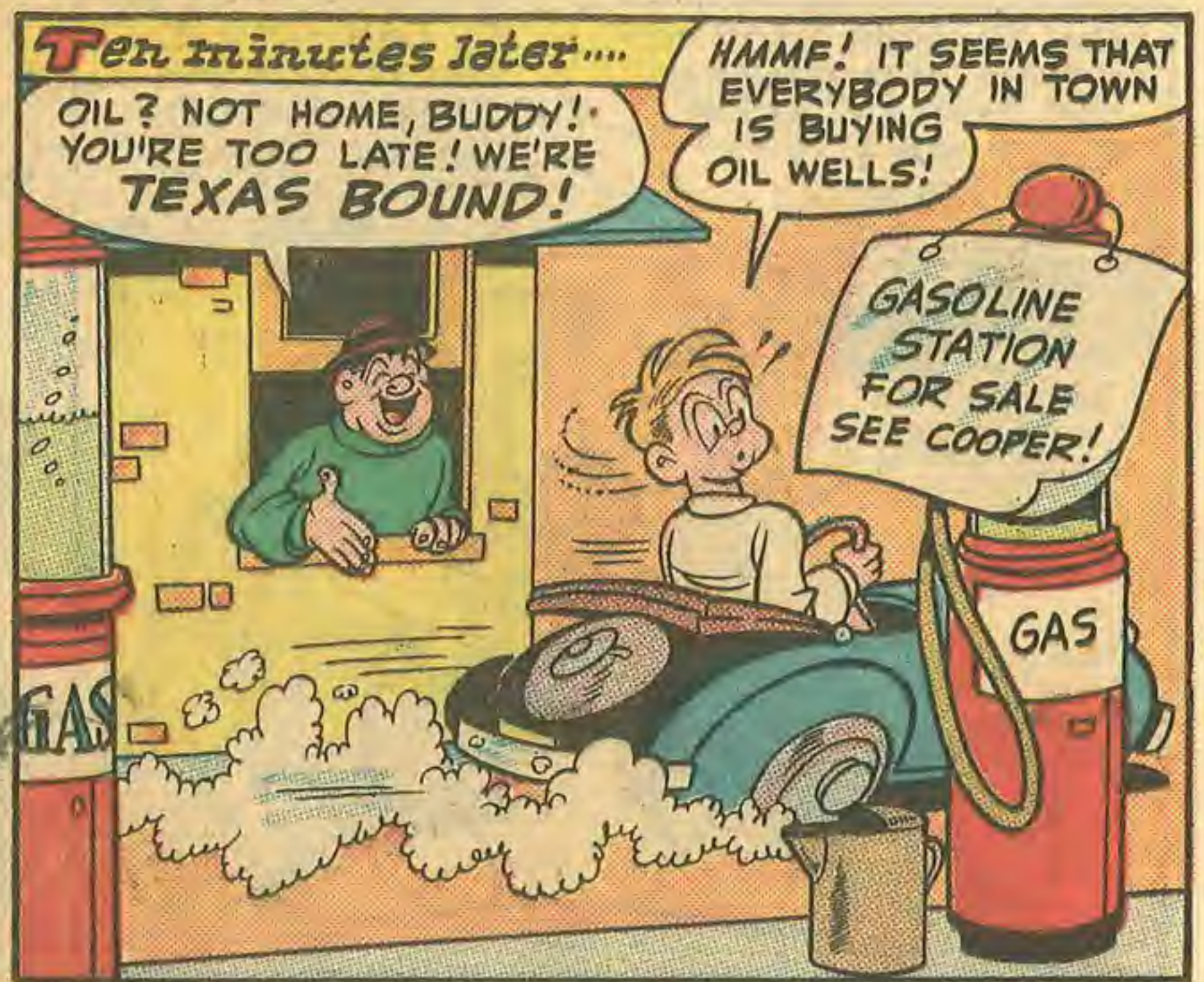
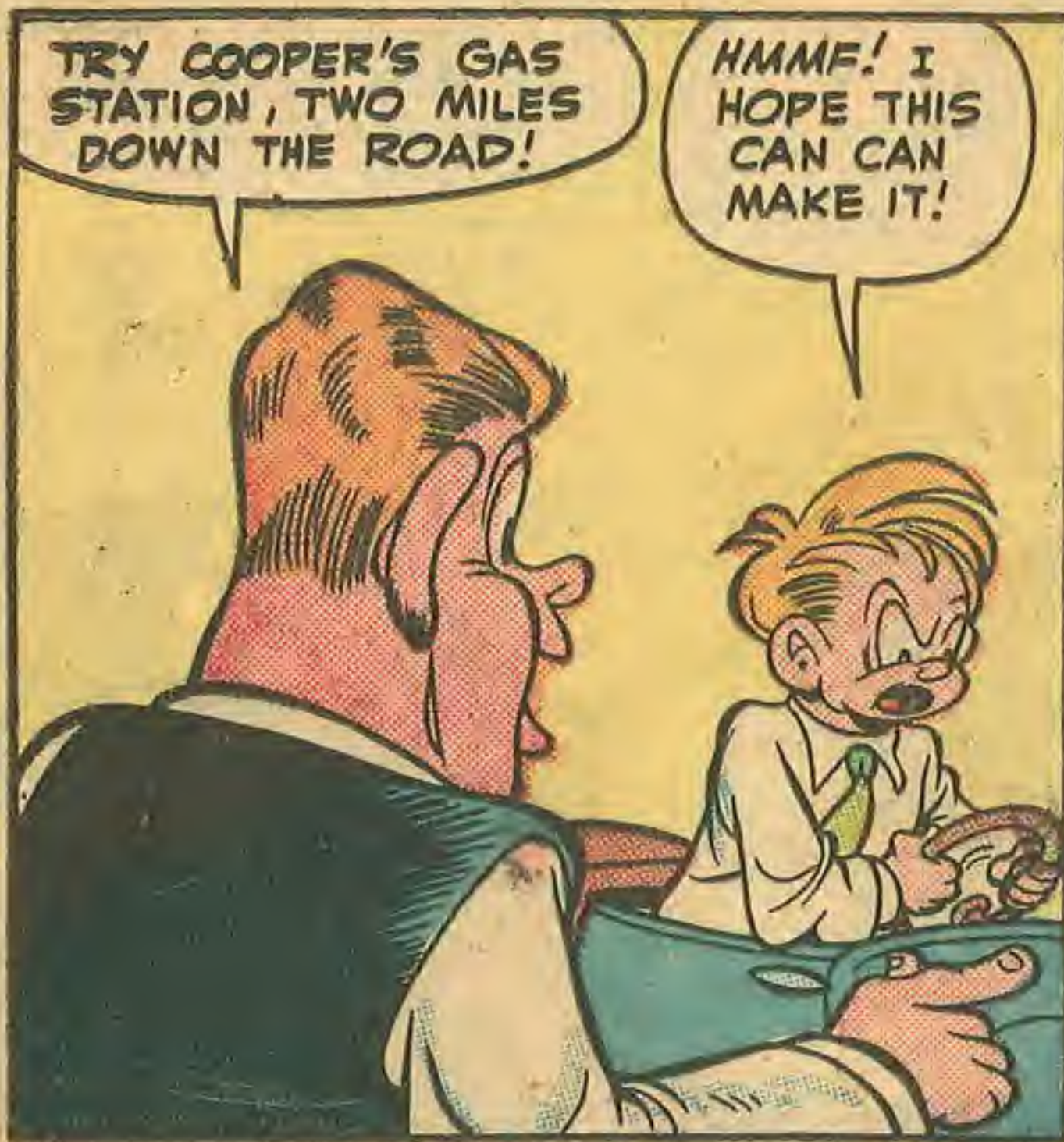


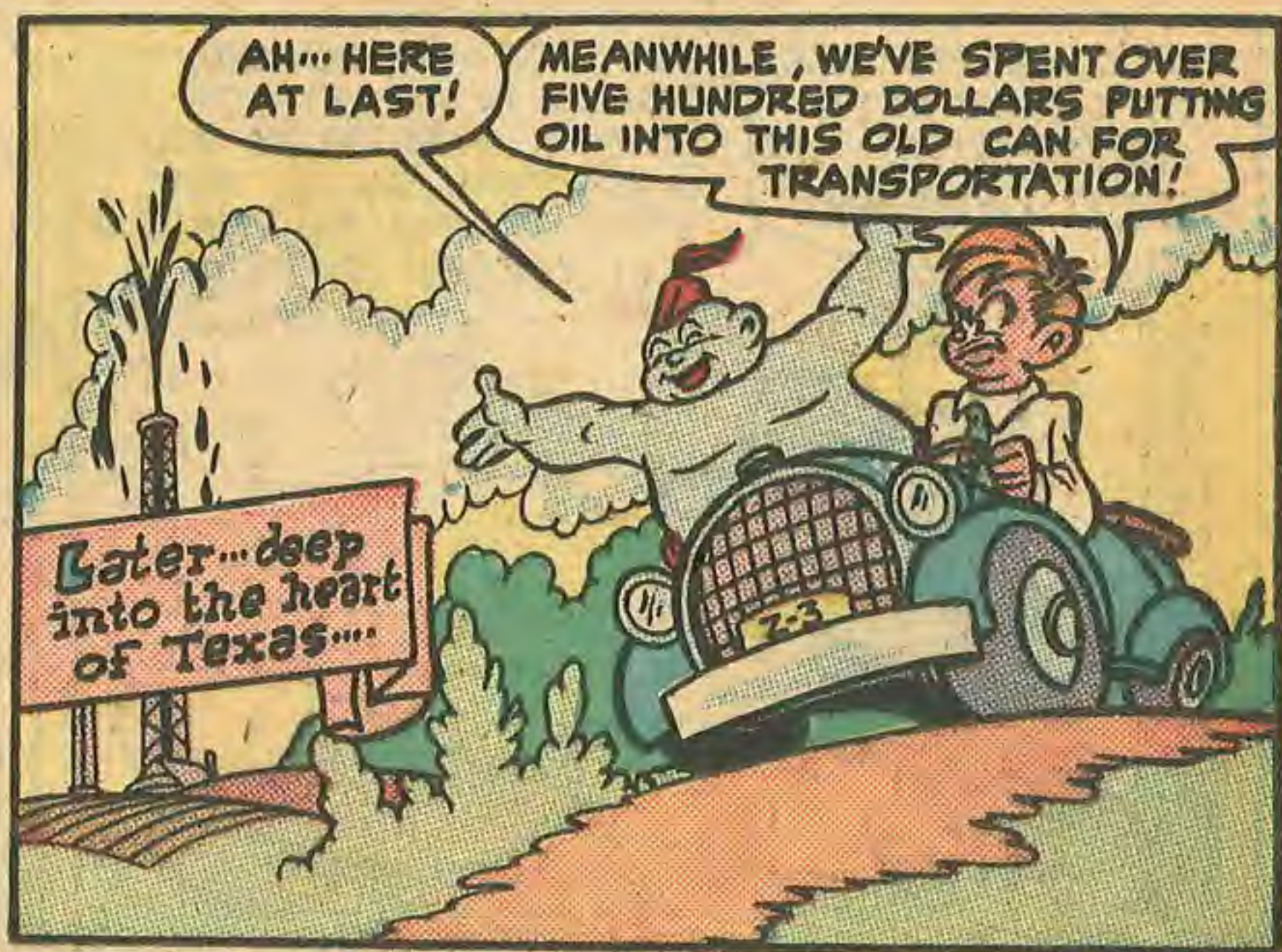
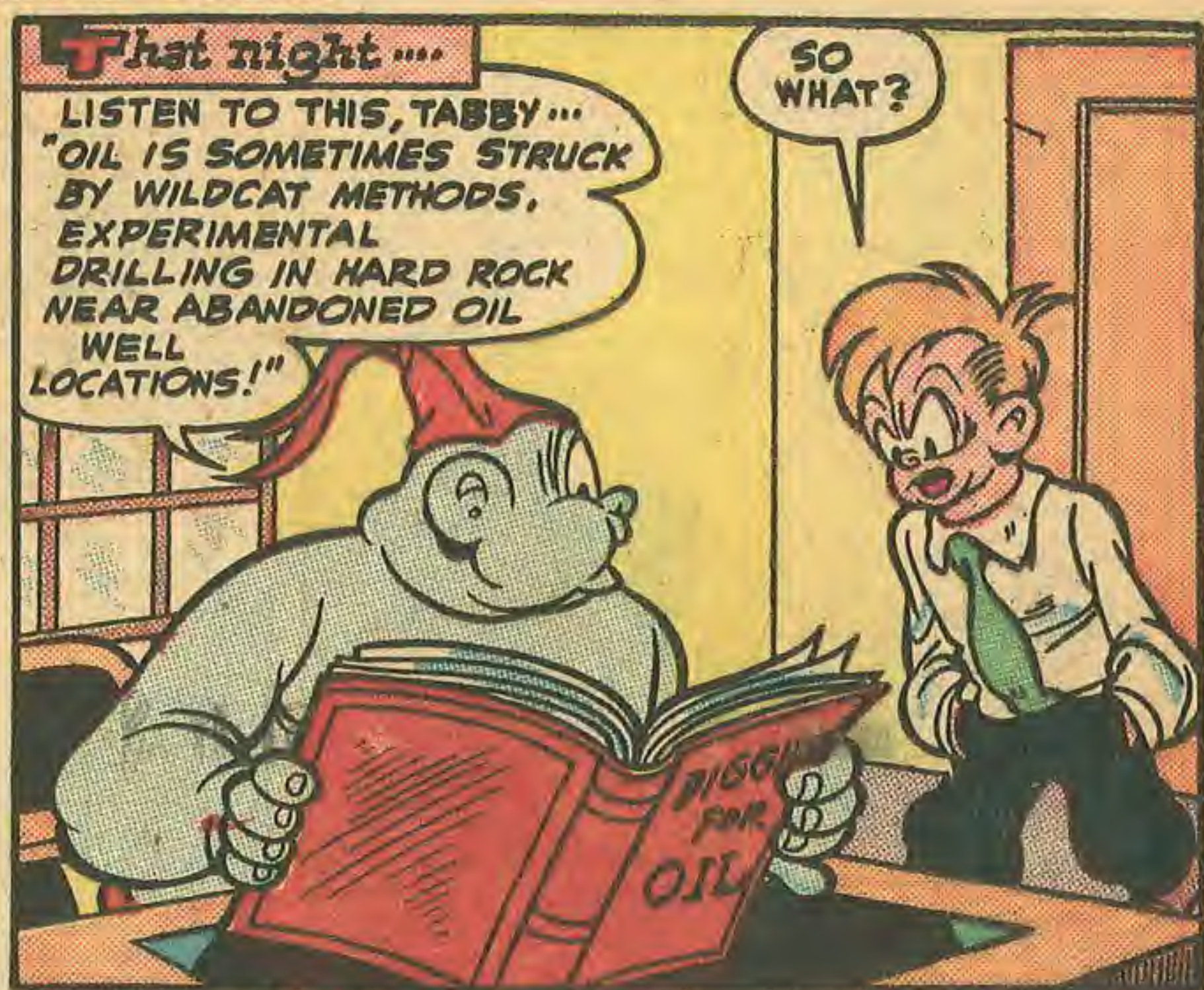


SUPPOSE SOME ORDINARY PERSON APPROACHED YOU ON AN ORDINARY STREET CORNER IN AN ORDINARY TOWN AND OFFERED TO SELL YOU A MILLION DOLLAR OIL WELL FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, CASH! WOULD YOU BUY IT? WHILE YOU'RE HESITATING, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT BLIMPY, IN THE SAME SITUATION!

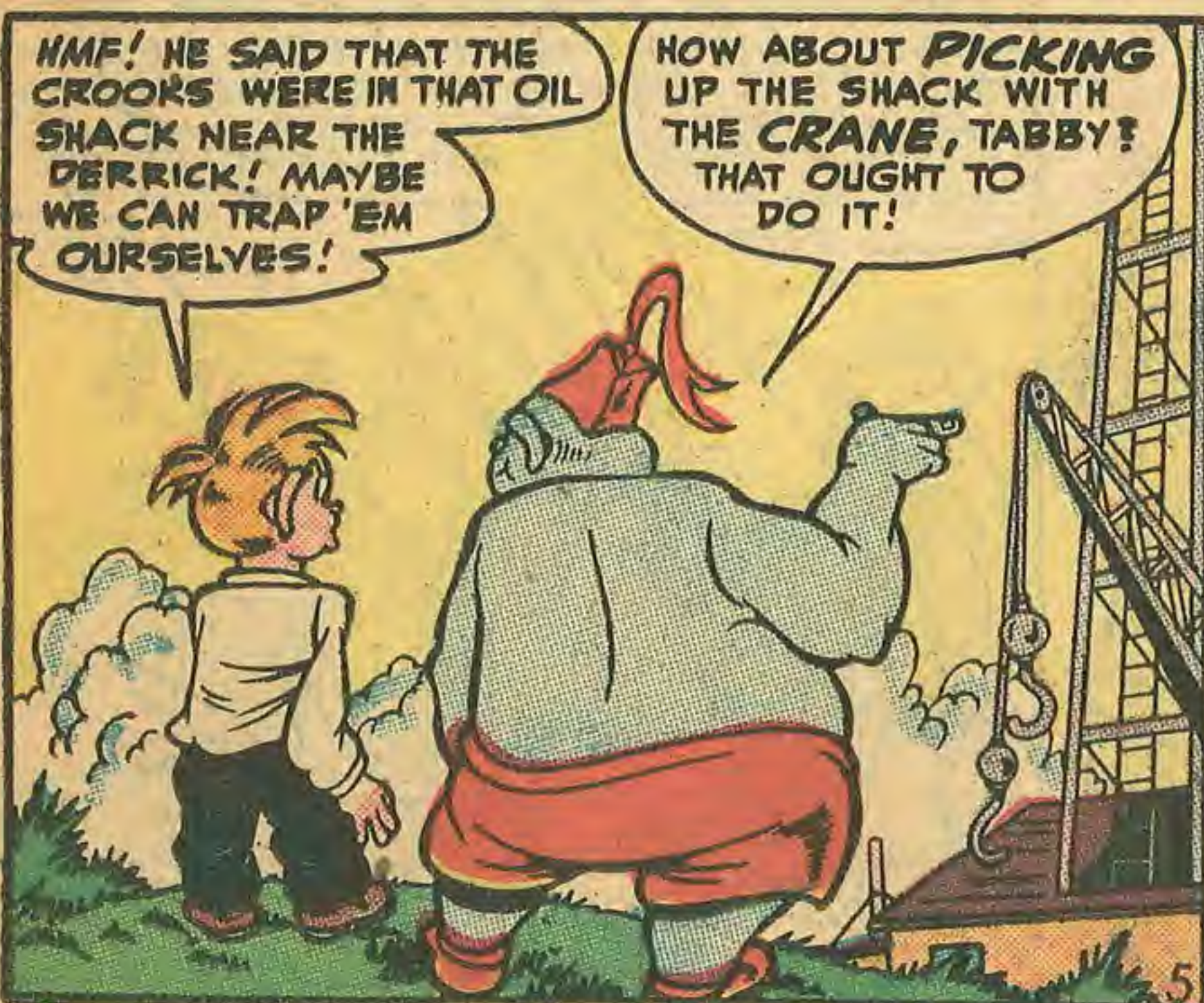
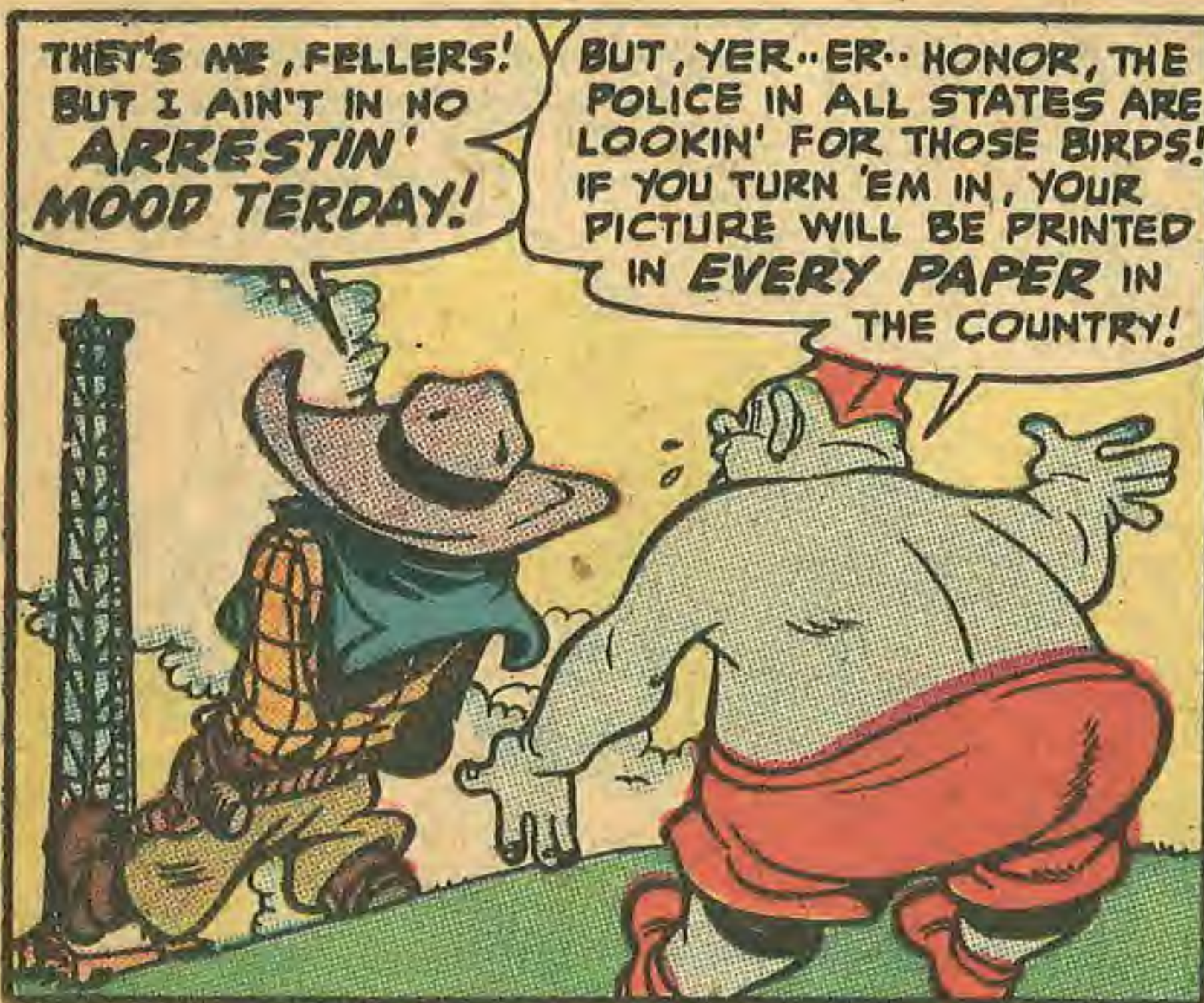
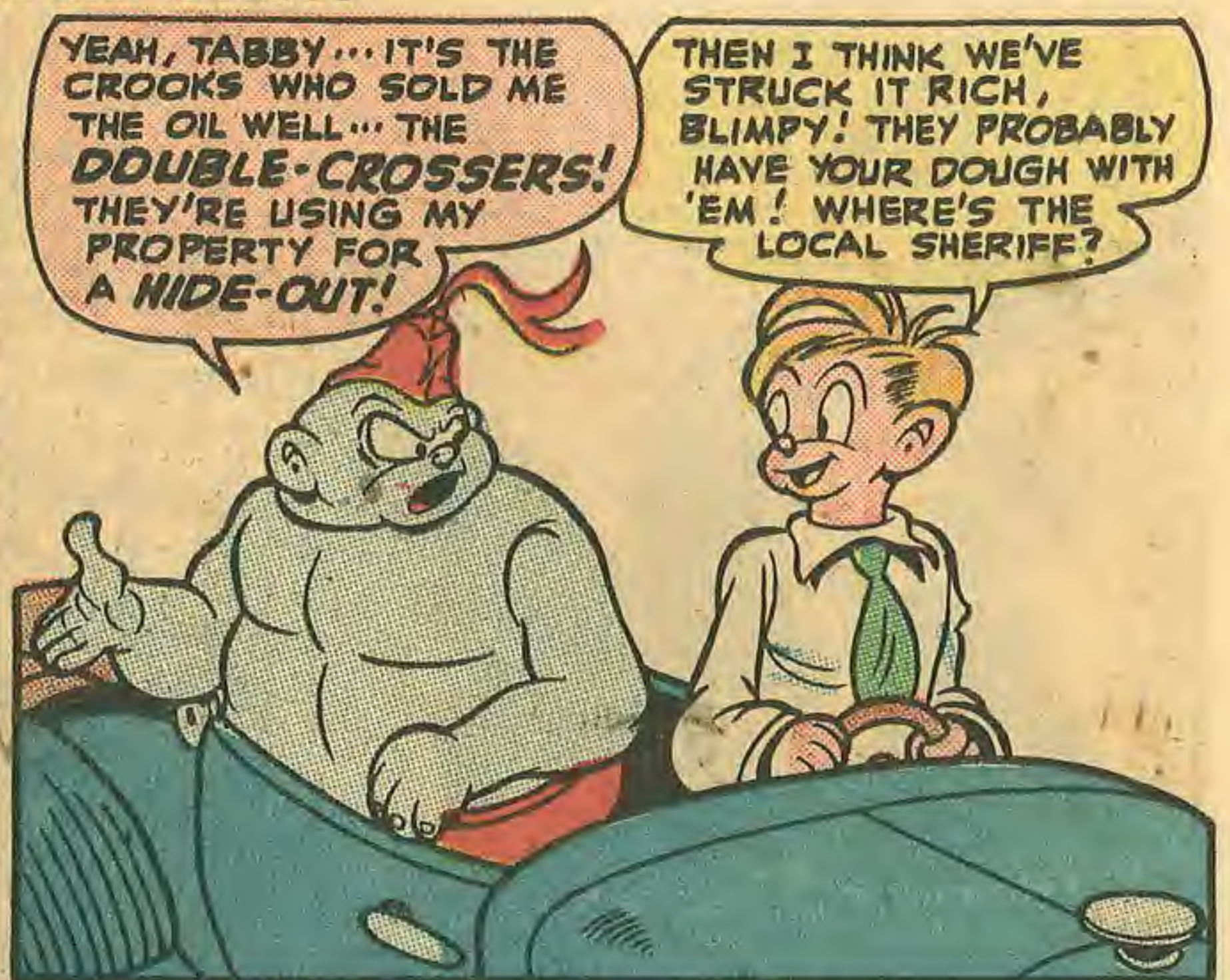
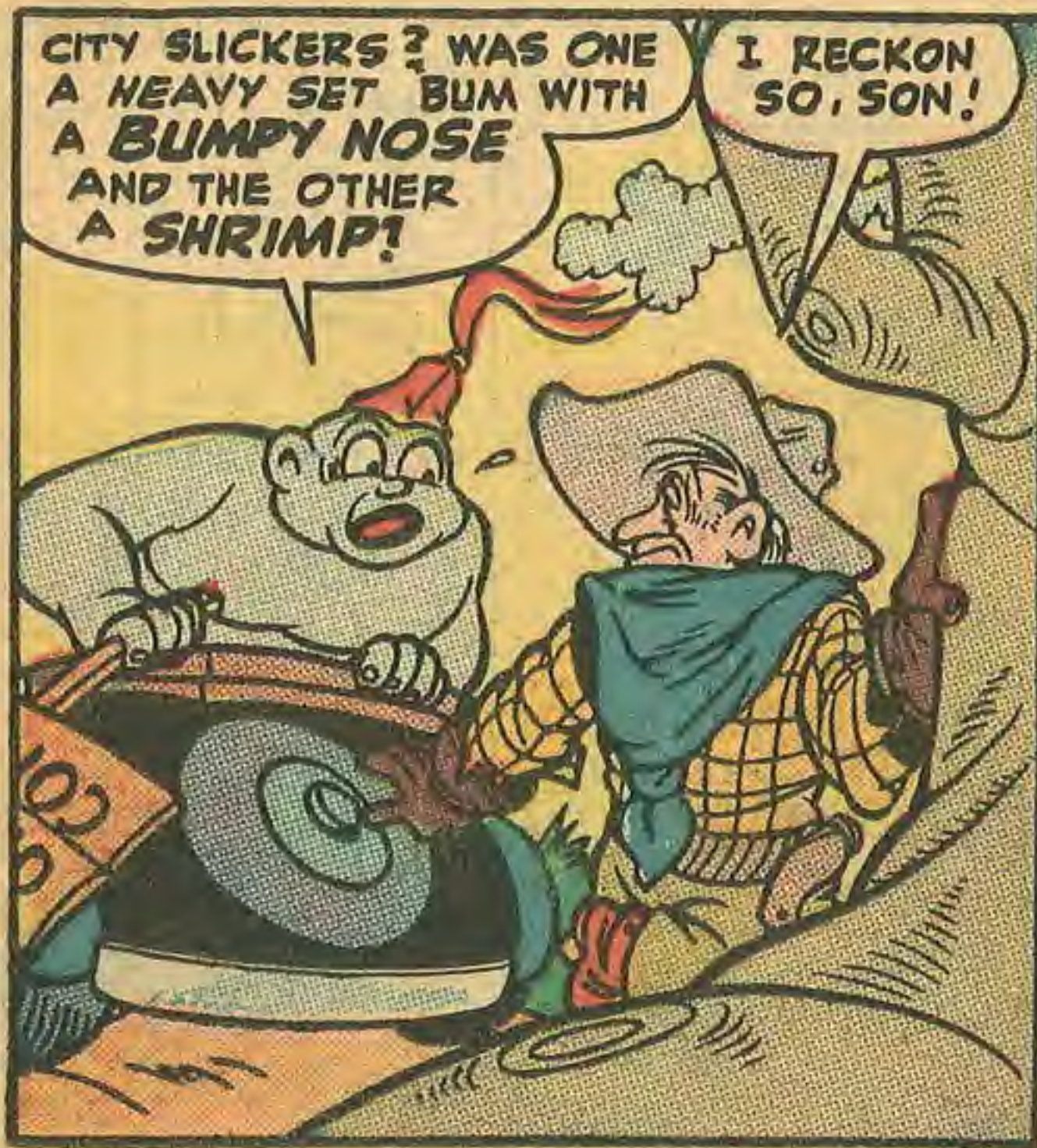


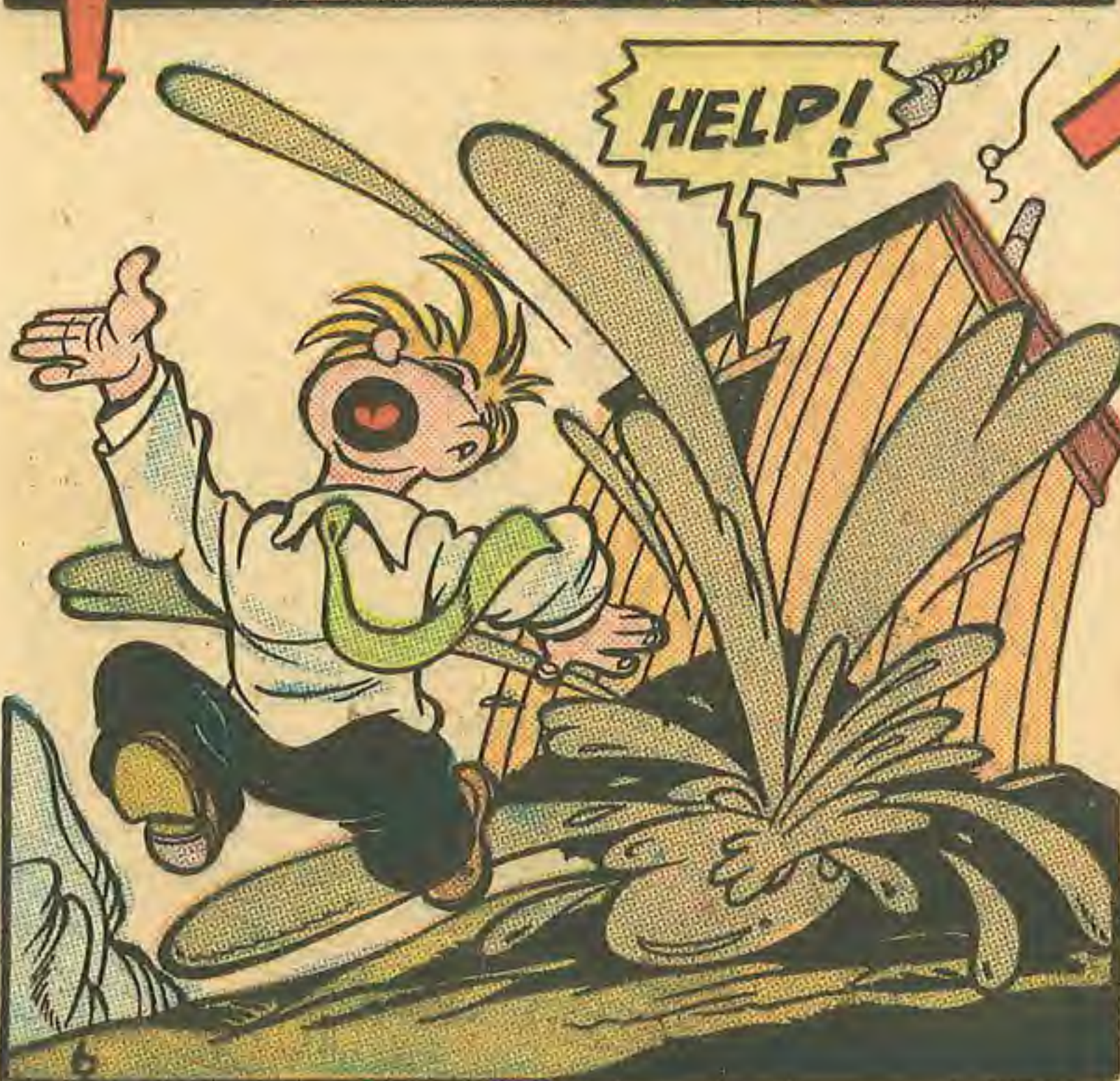
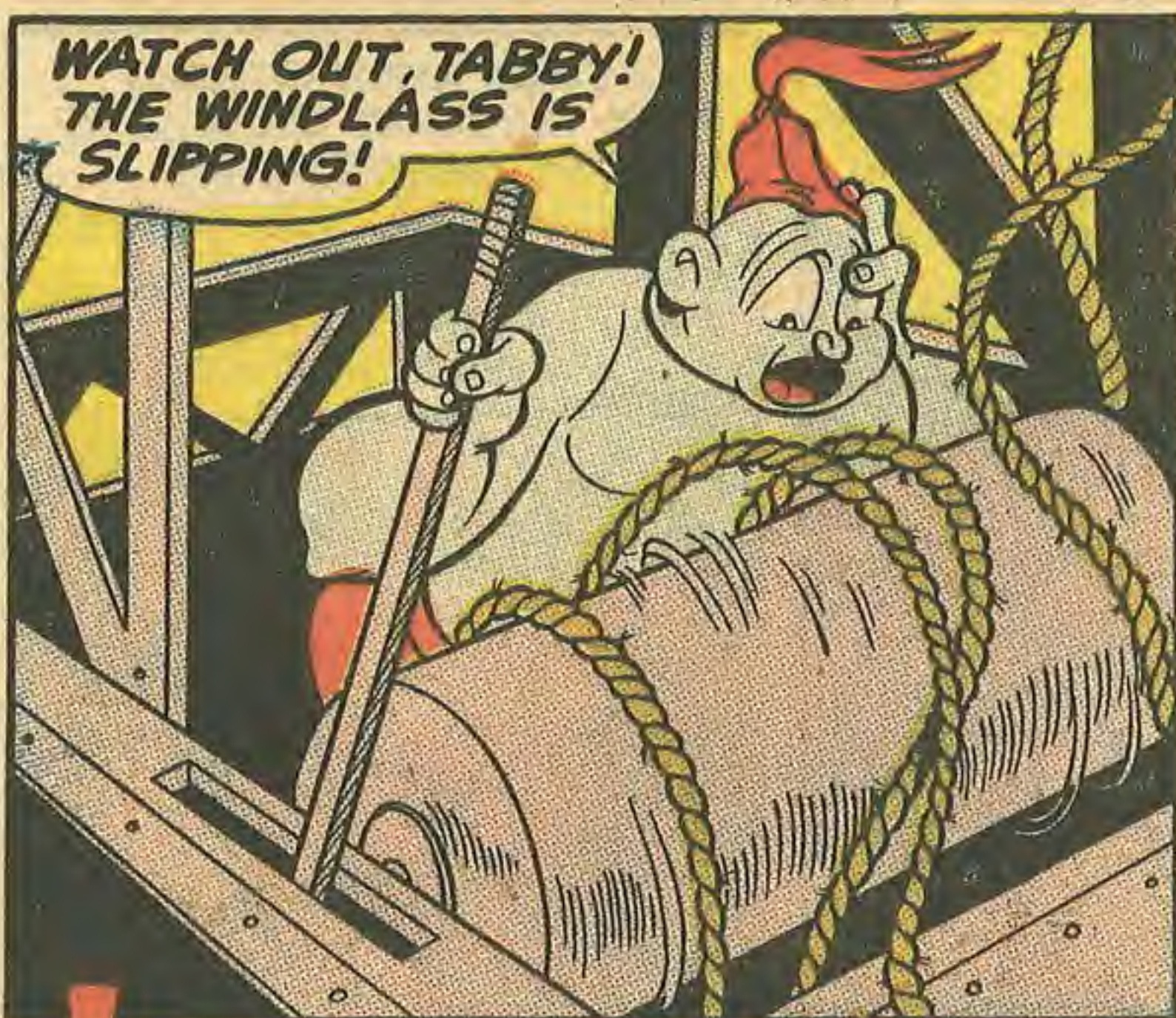




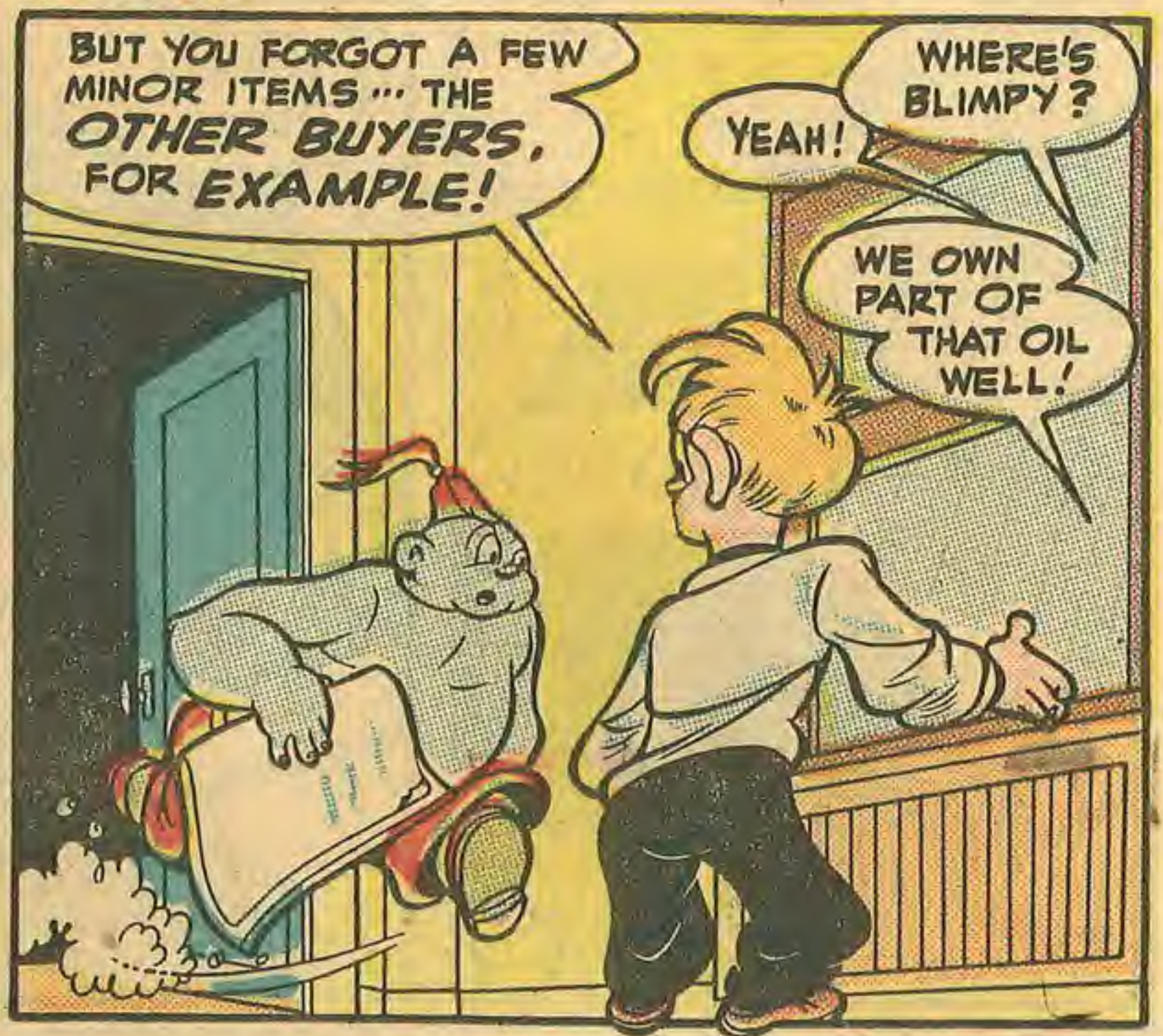


FEATURE COMICS

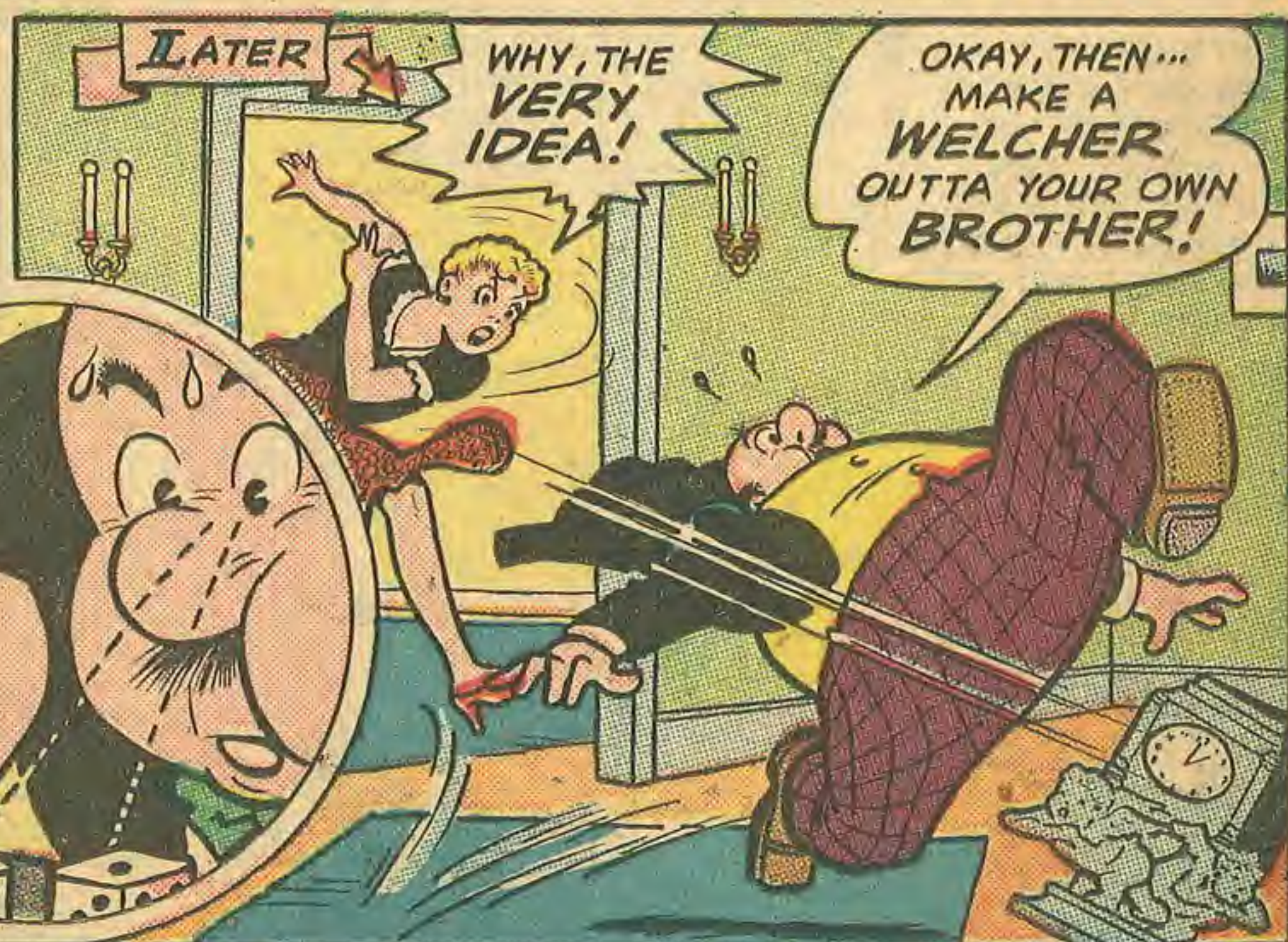
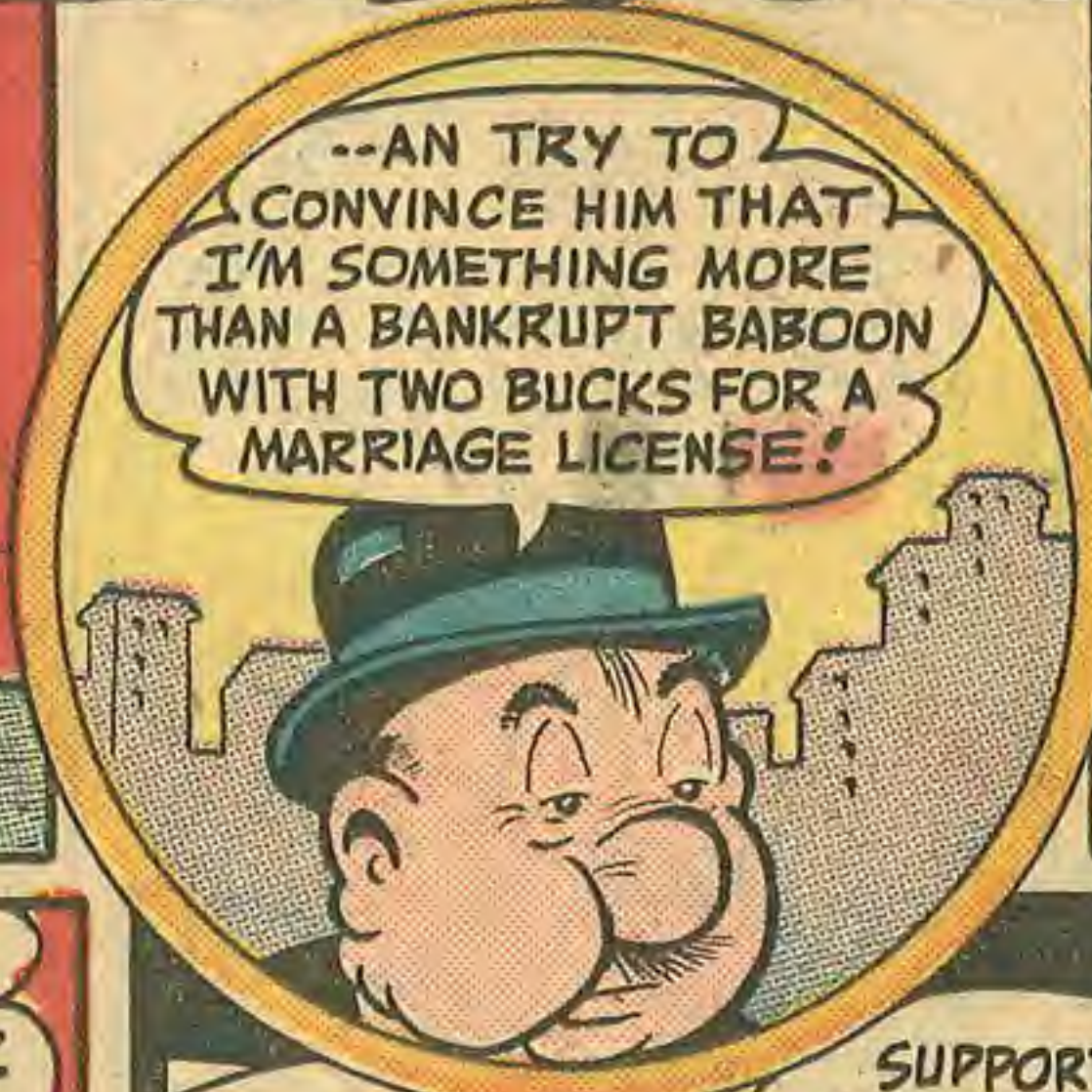




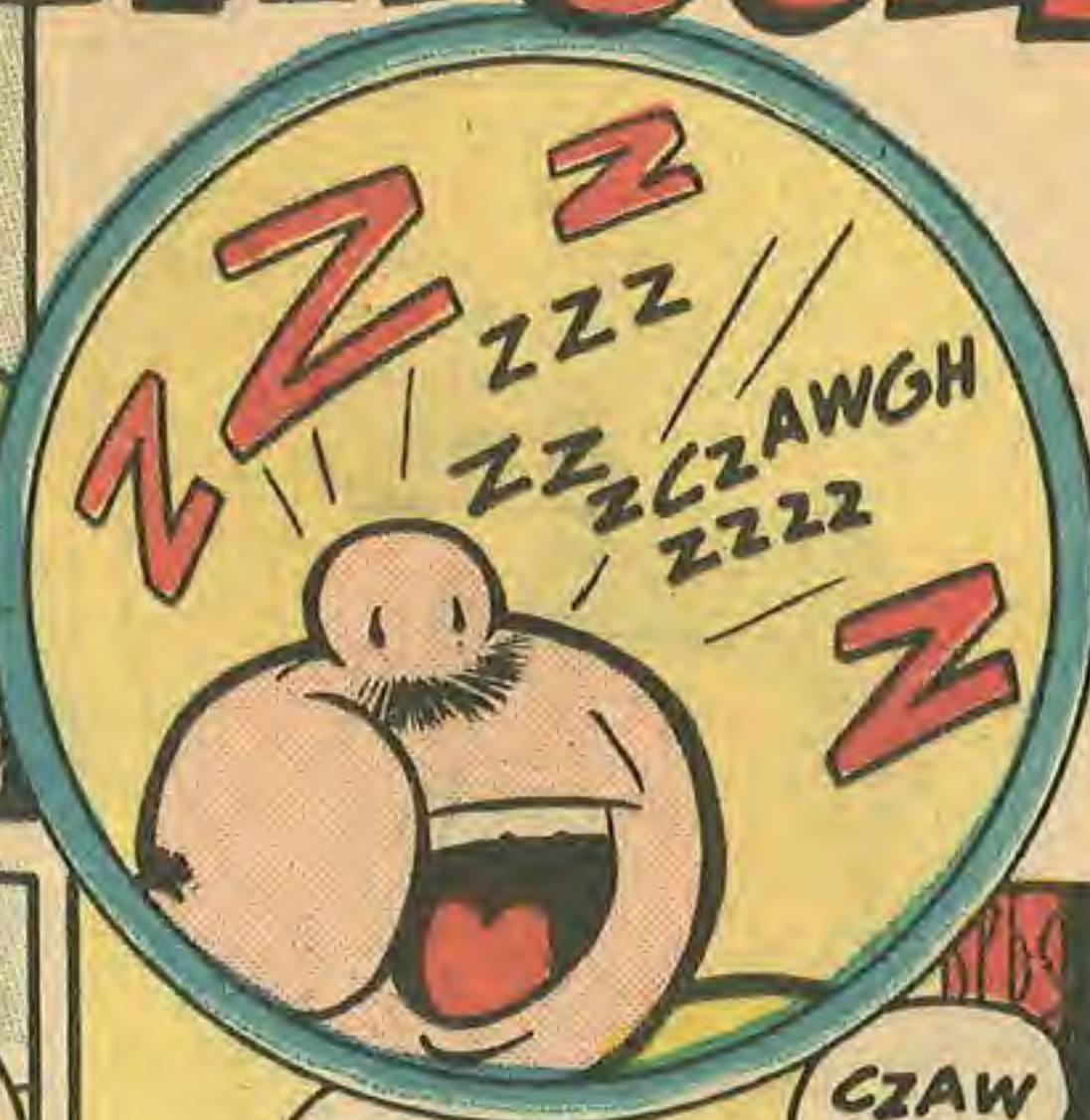
FEATURE COMICS



Lala Palooza



PLALA PALOOZA

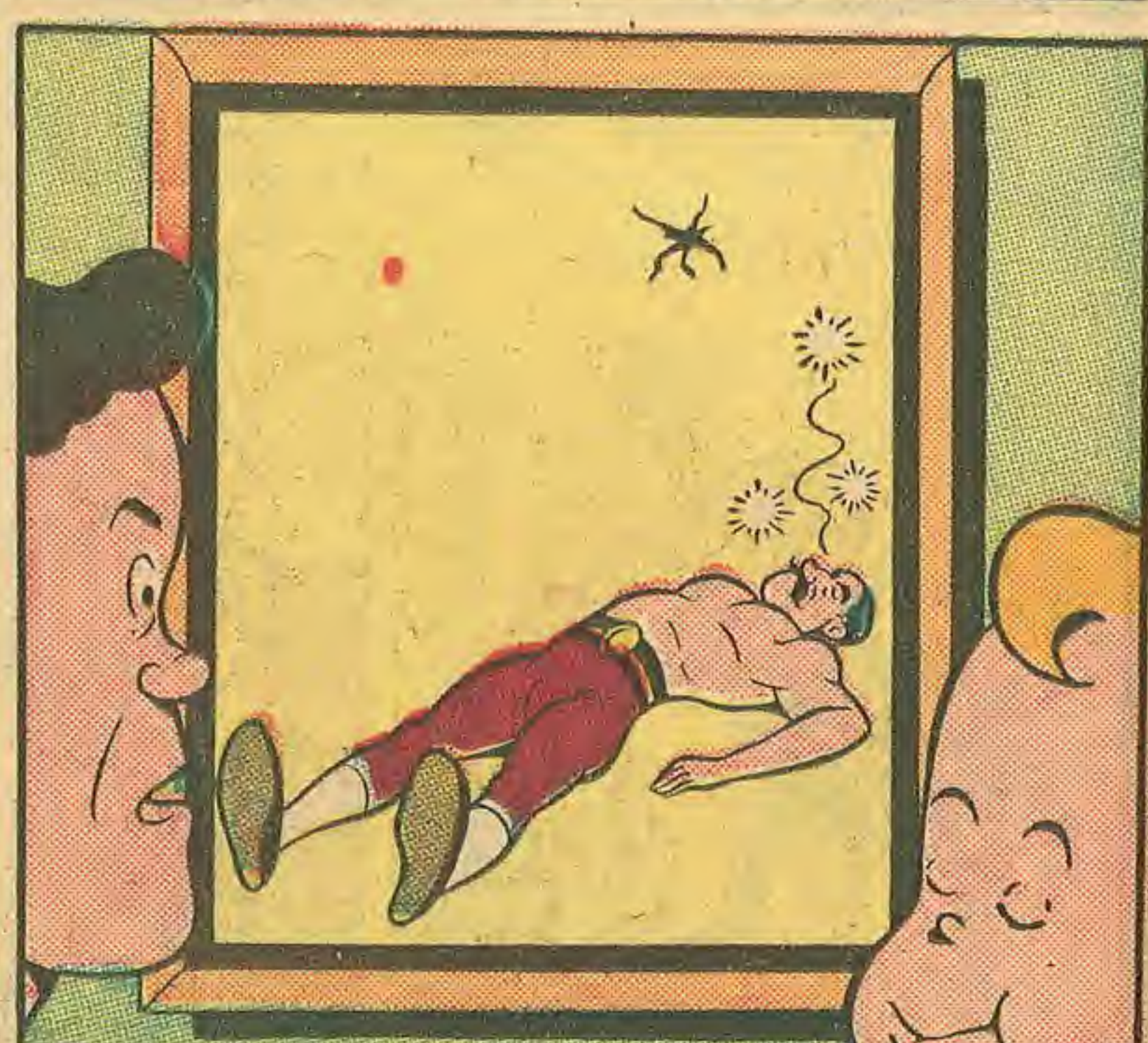
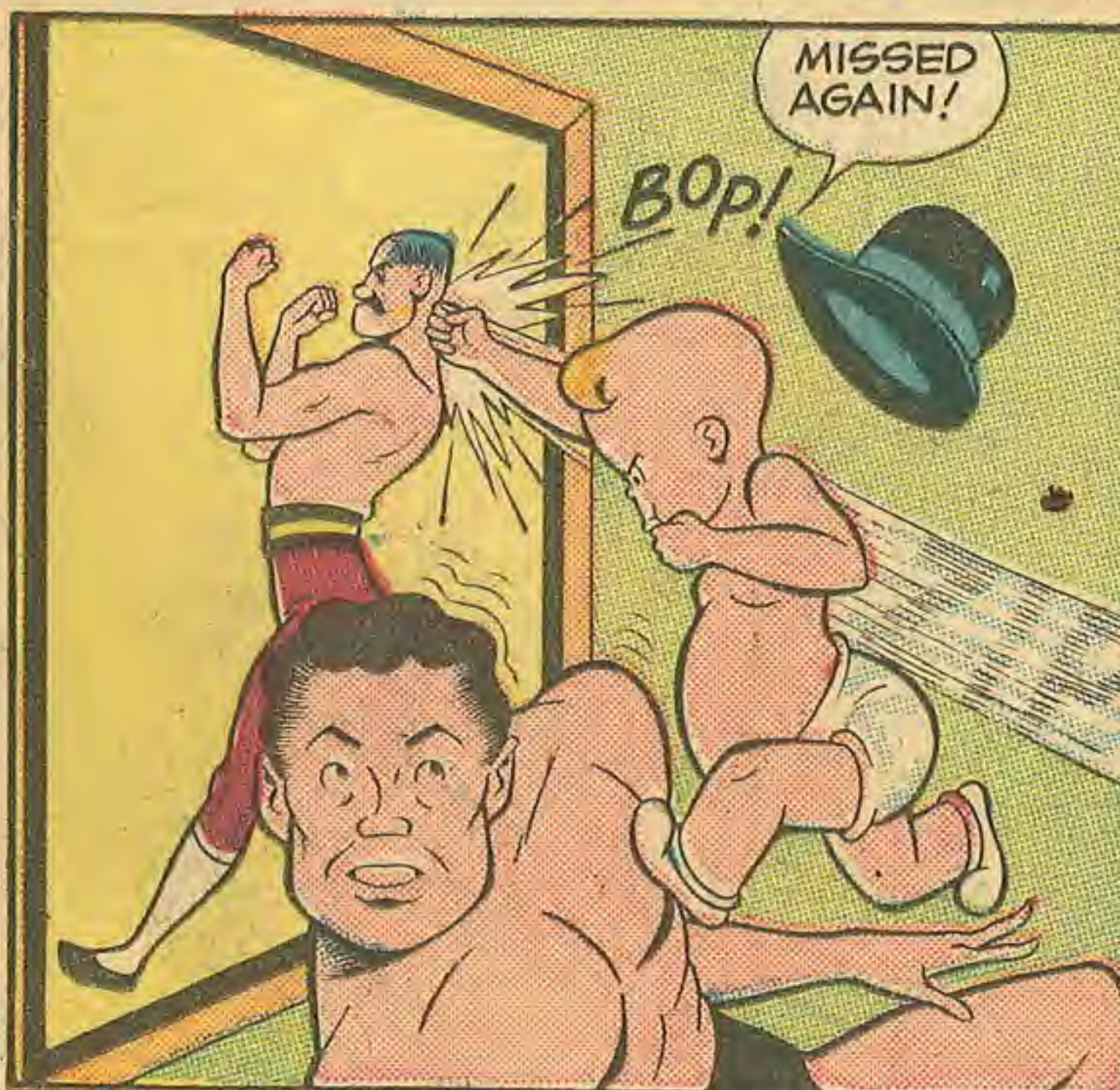
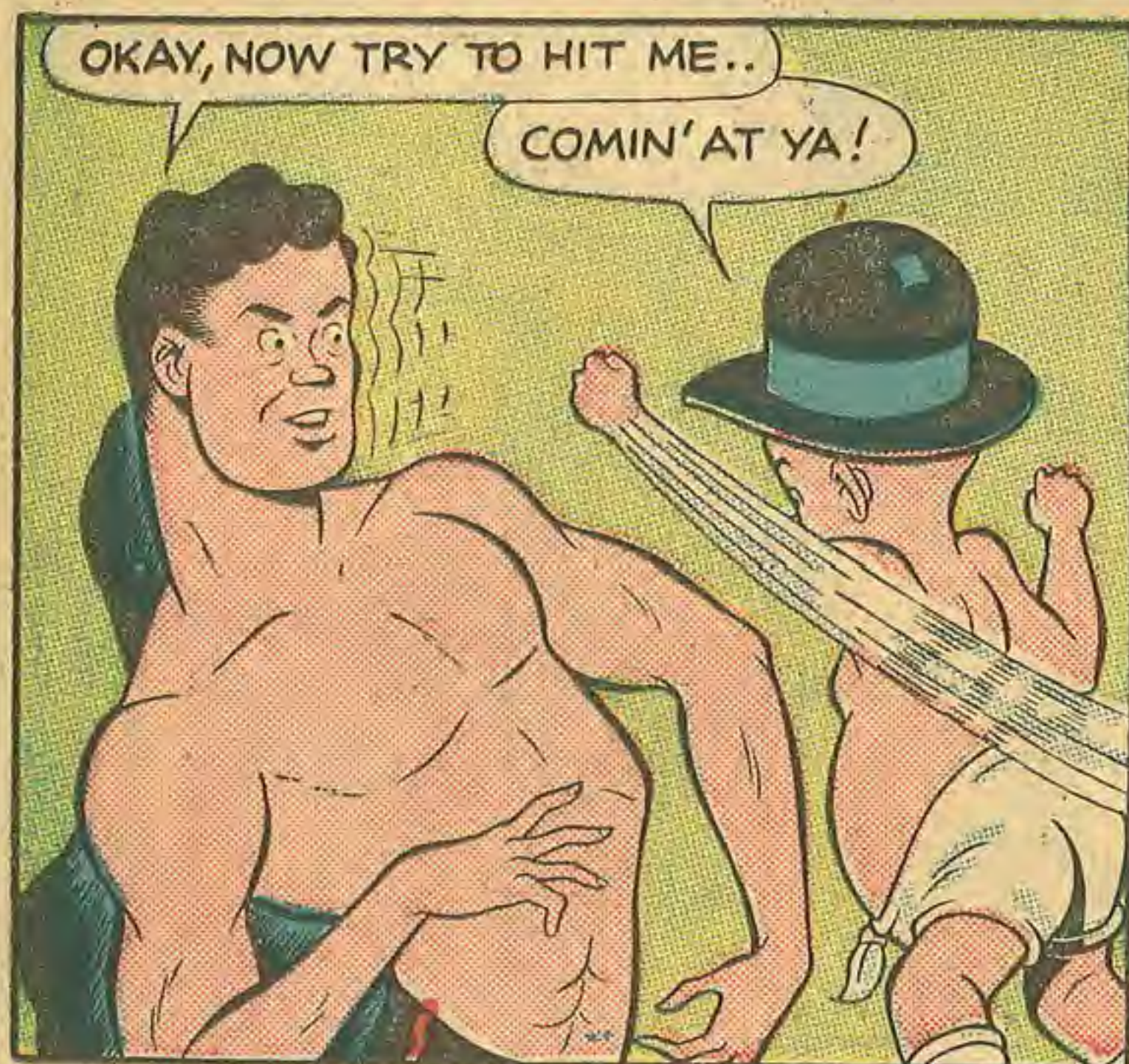
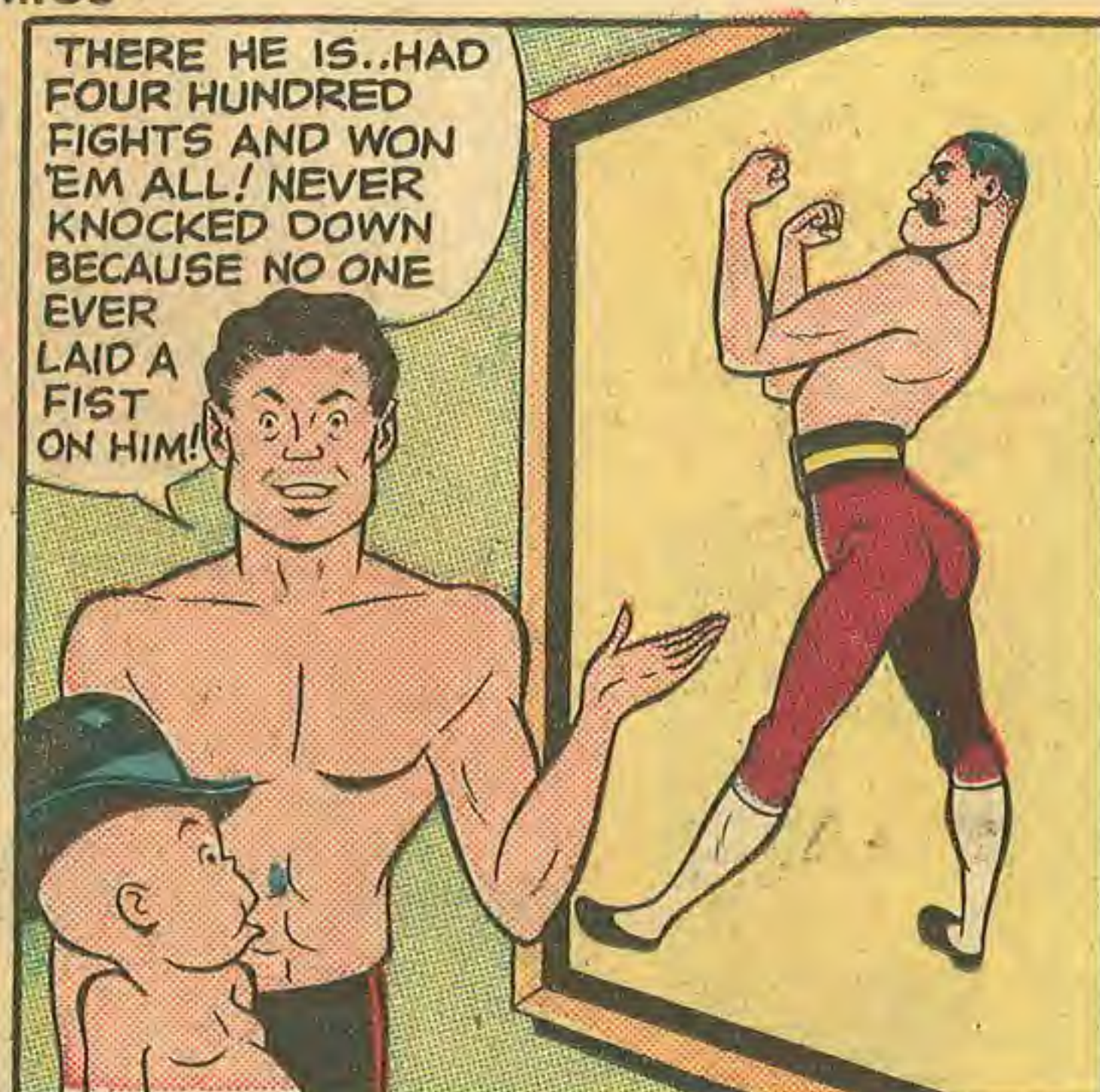
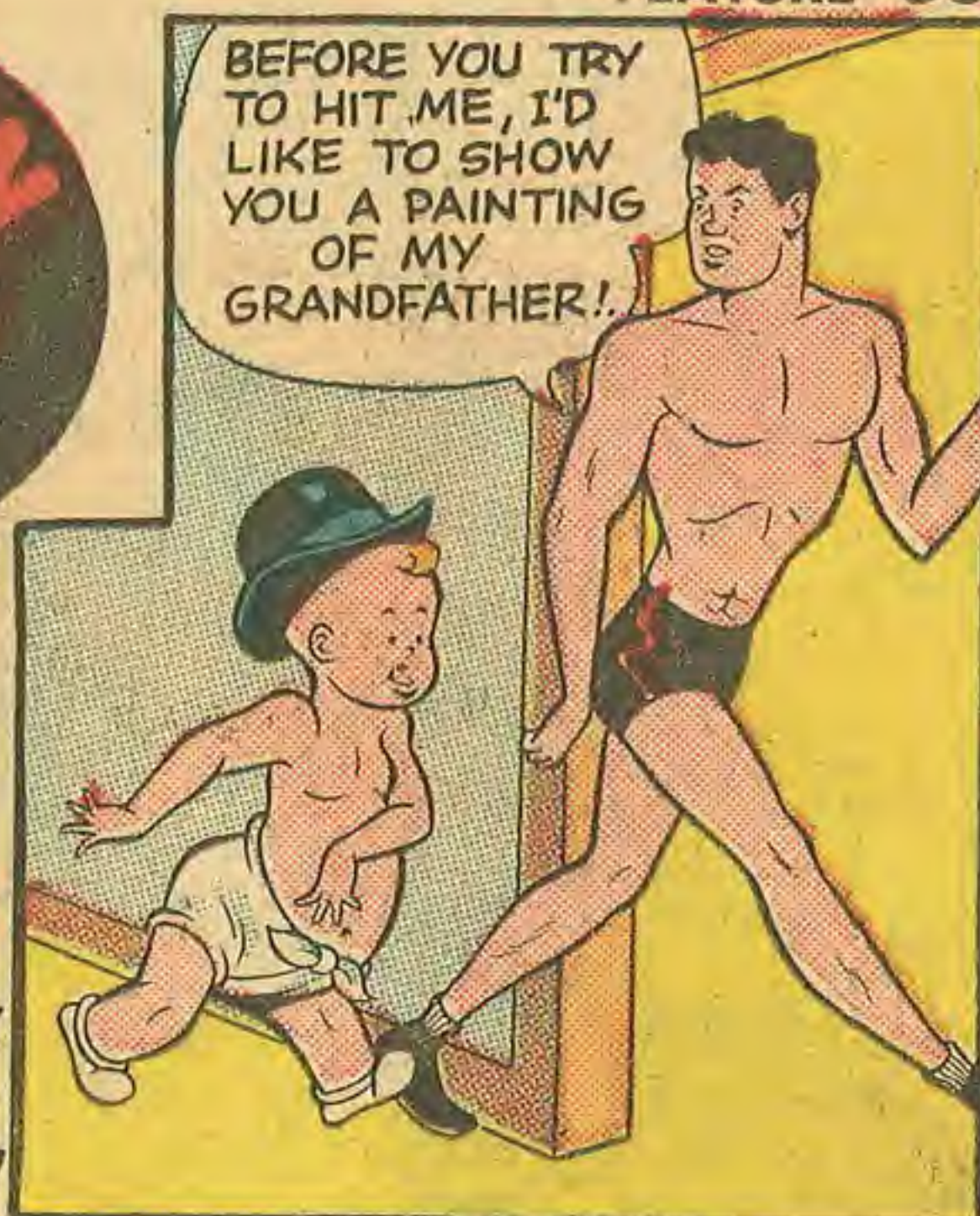


Lala Palooza

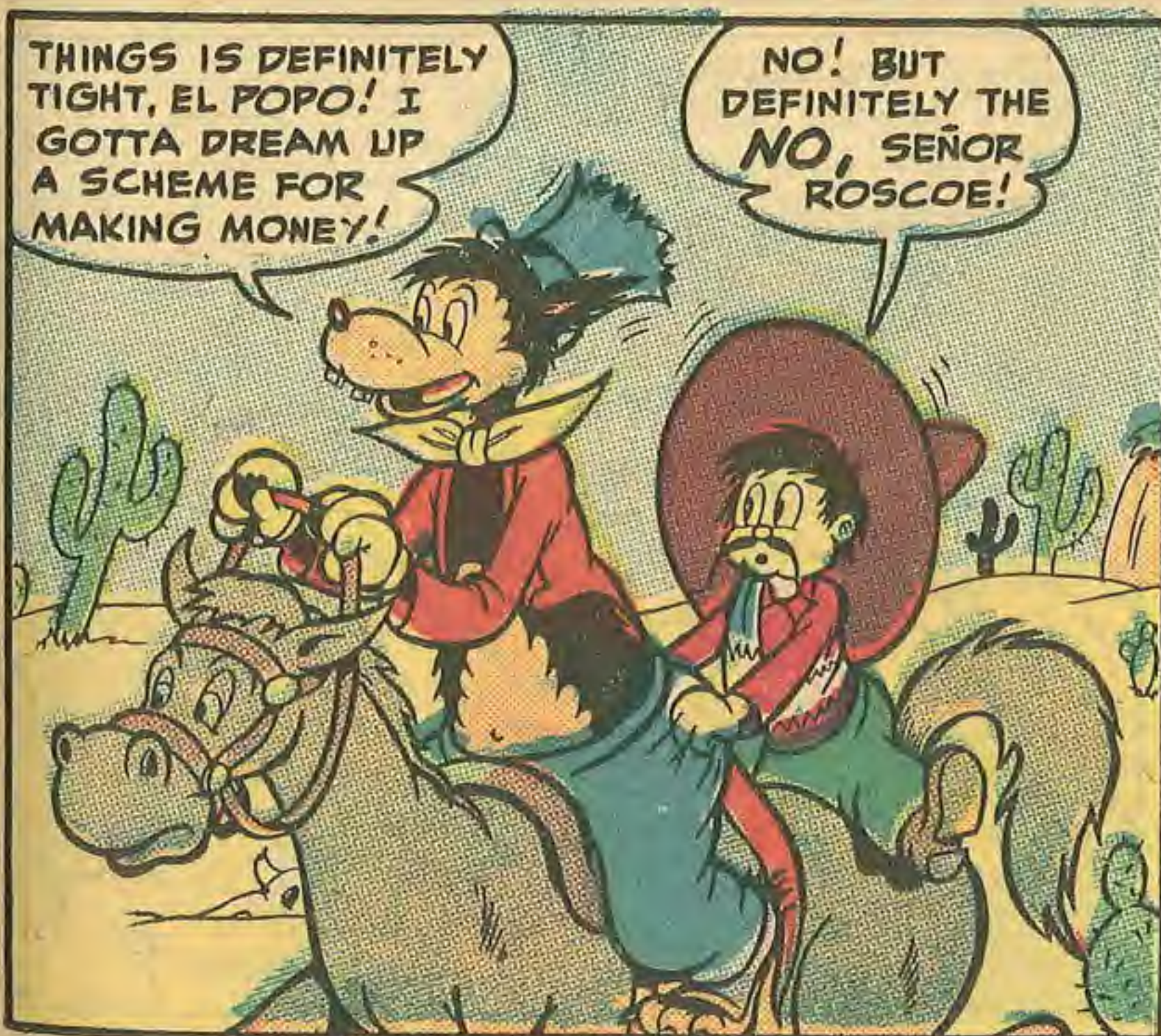
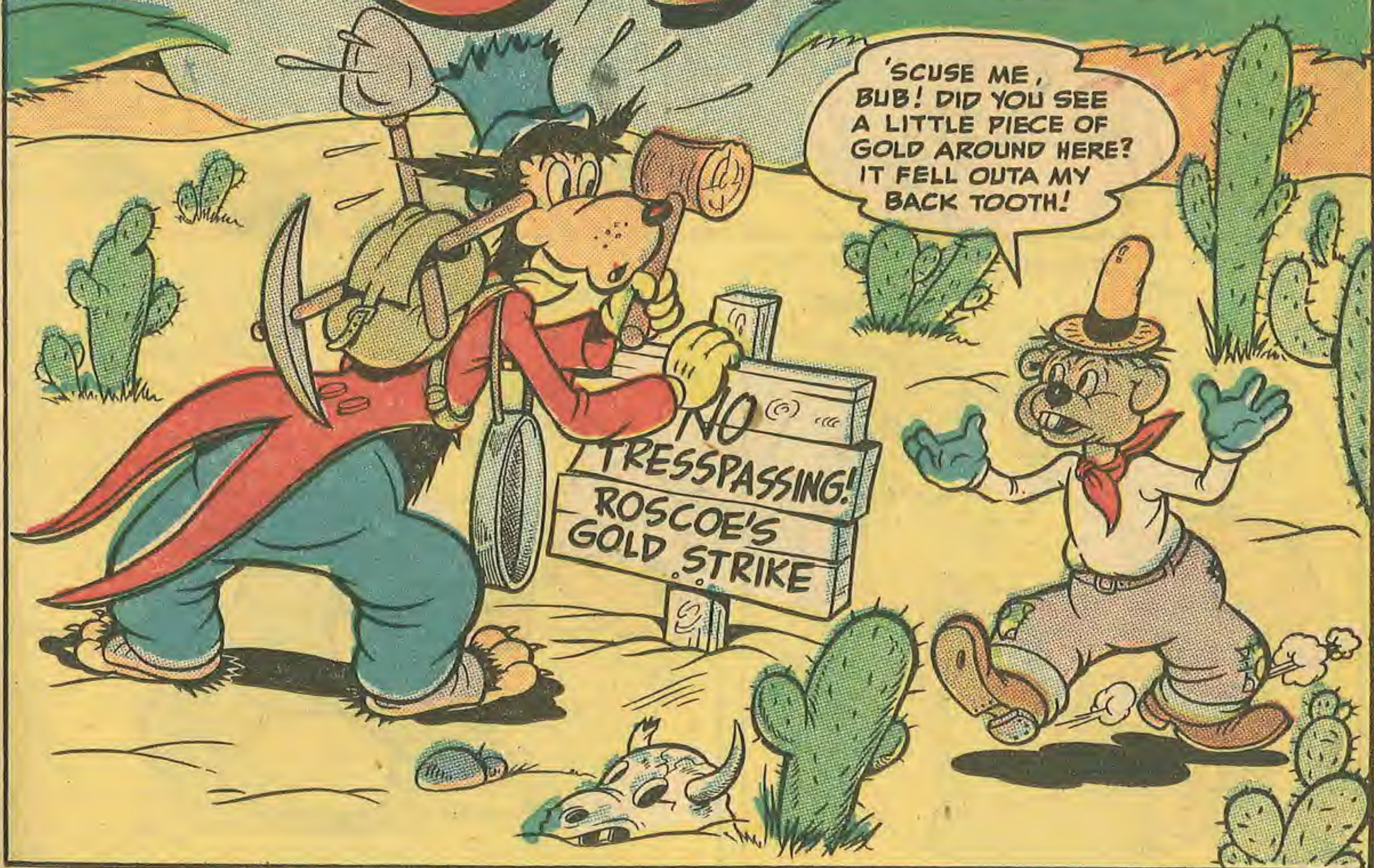


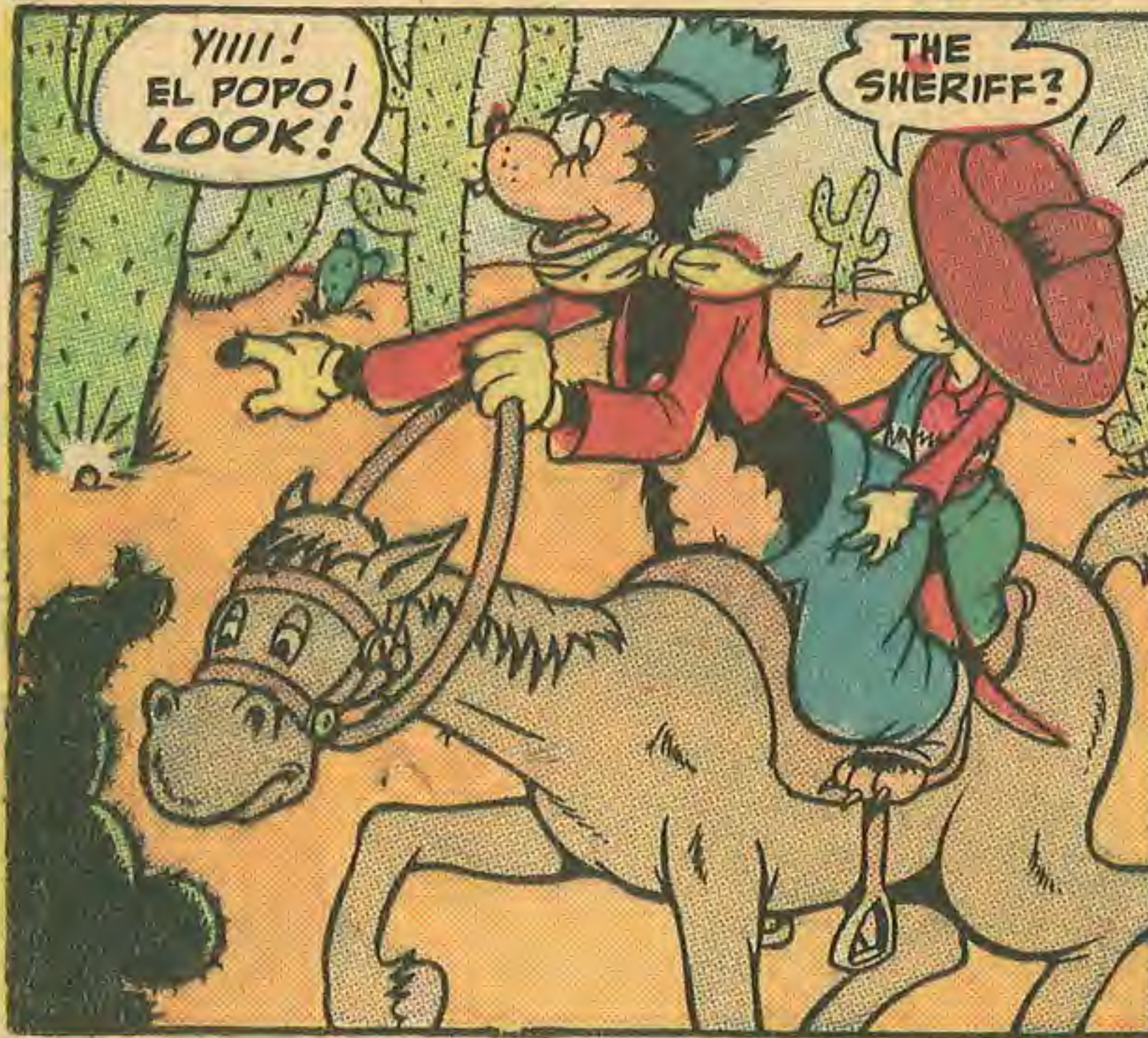


A WELL KNOWN BOXER CLAIMS THAT NO ONE IN THE WORLD CAN LAY A FIST ON HIM BECAUSE OF HIS ABILITY TO WEAVE AND DUCK! NATURALLY, POISON IS THE FIRST TO ANSWER THIS CHALLENGE!

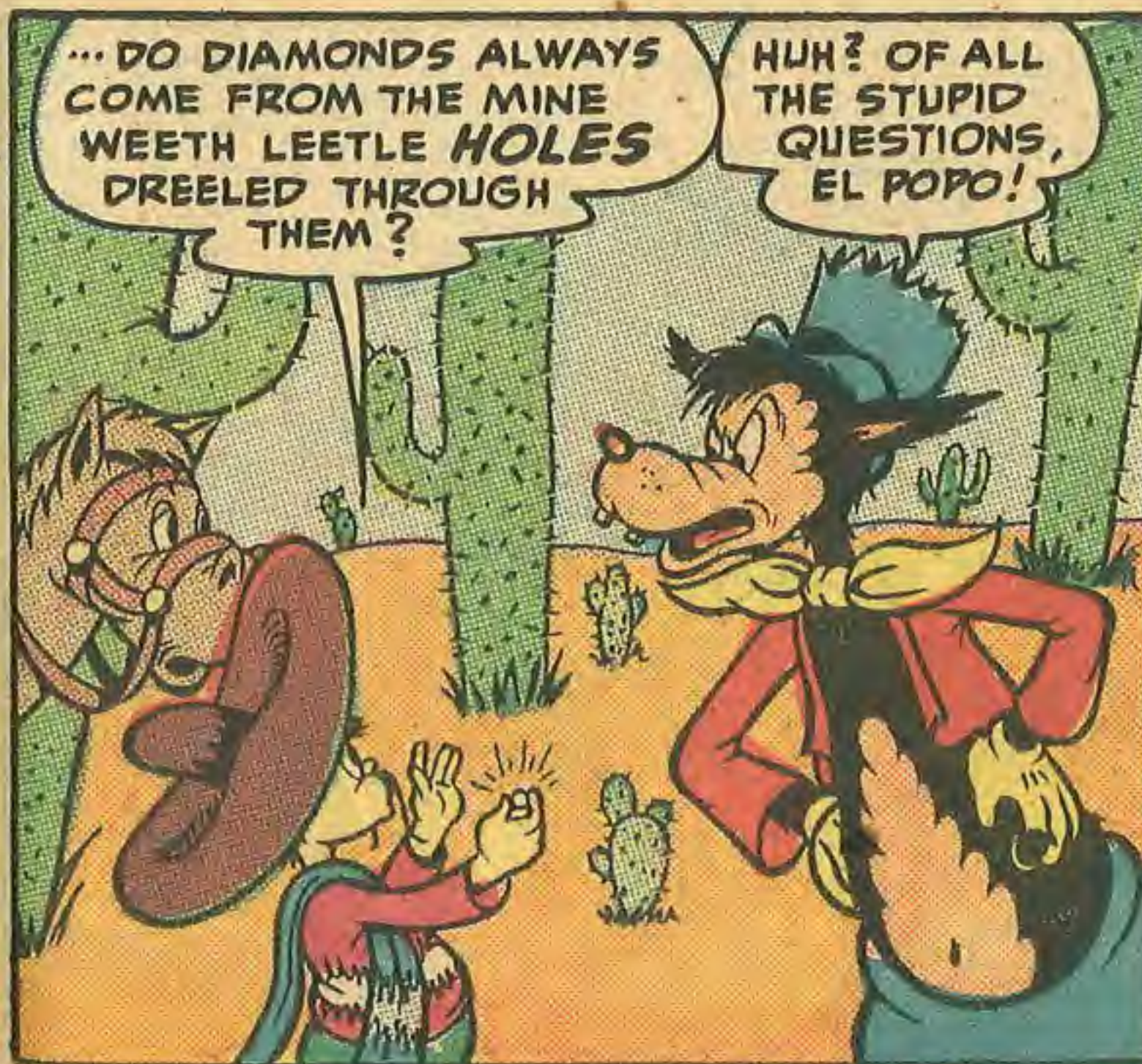


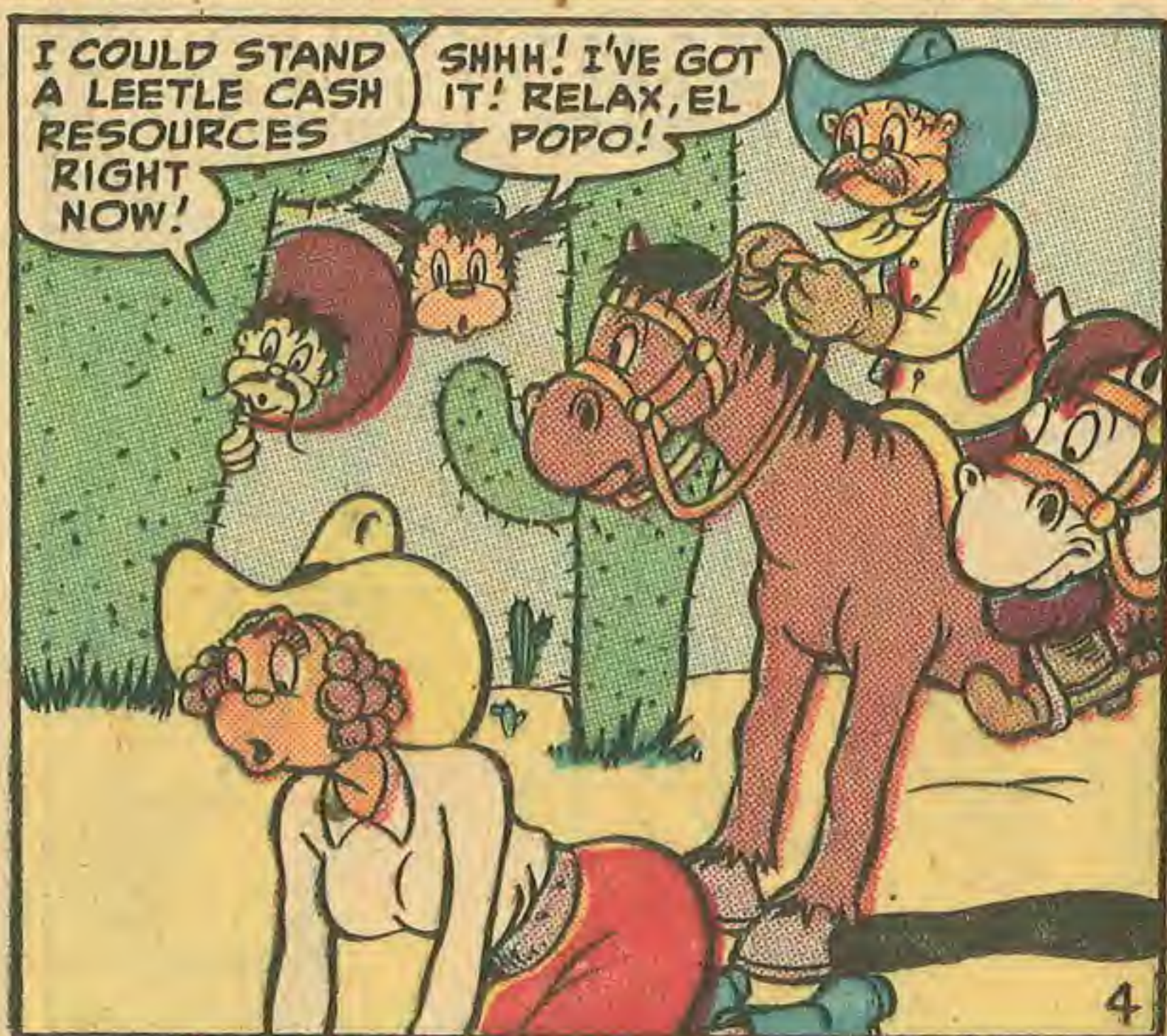
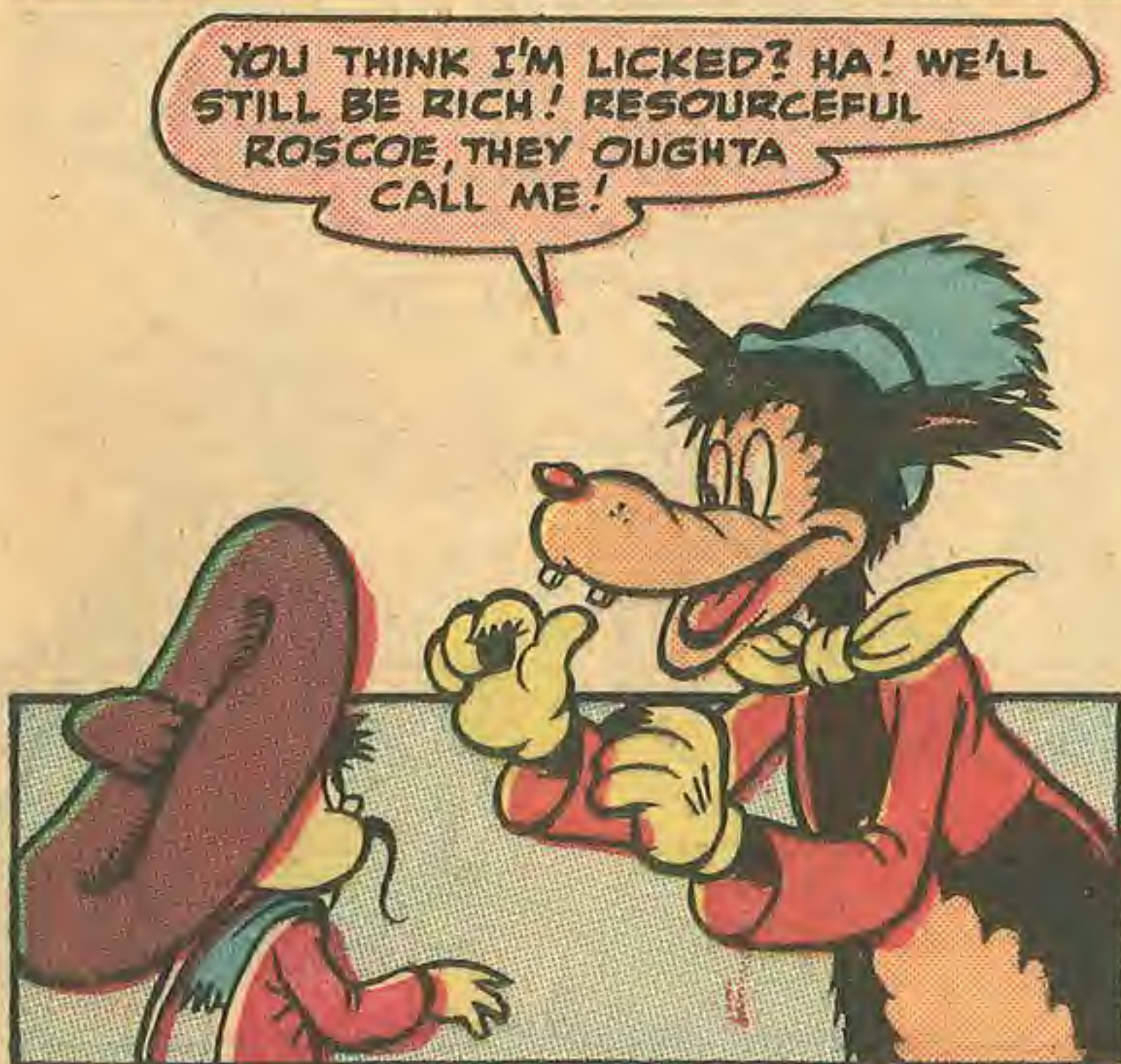
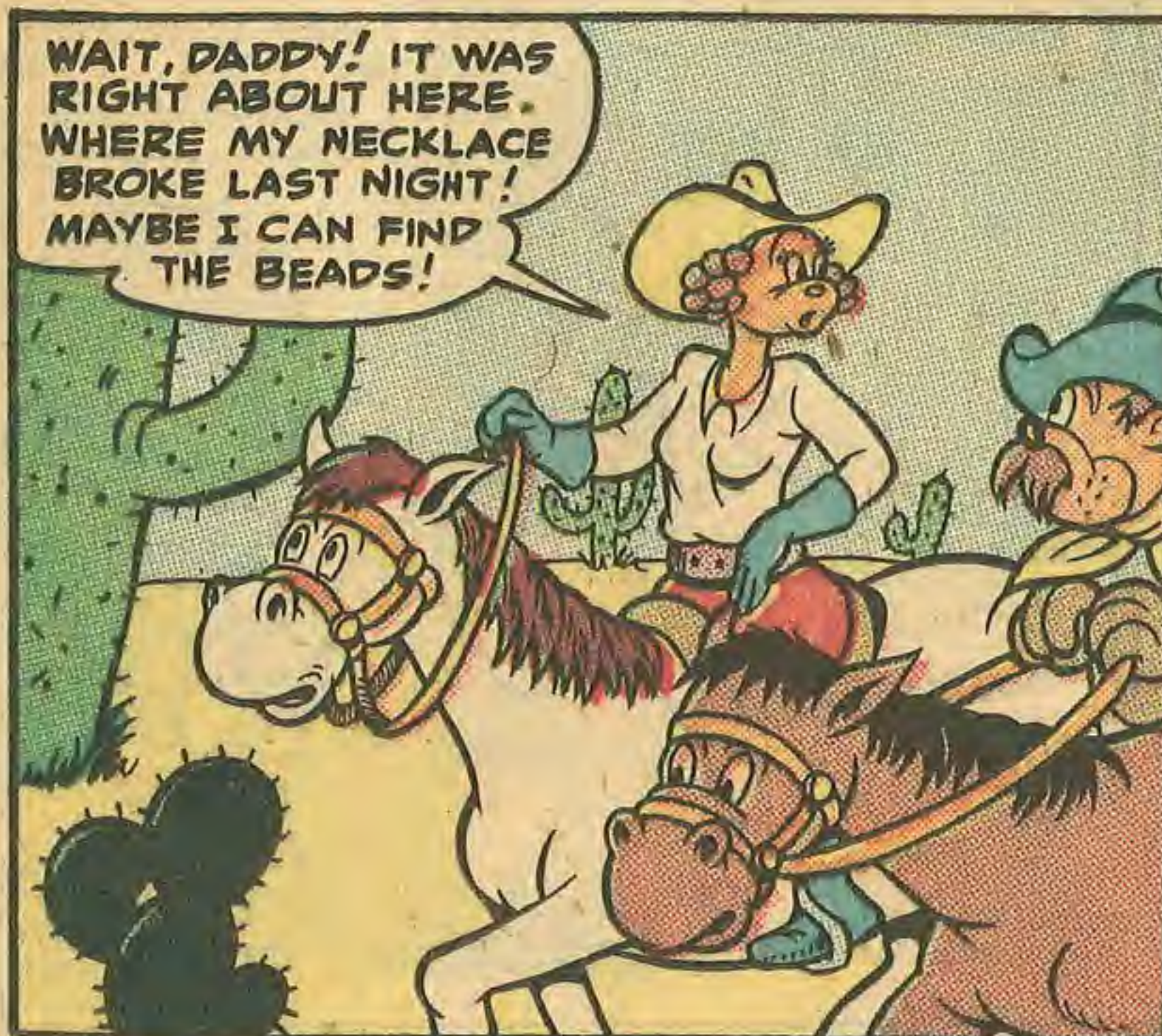
ROSCOE



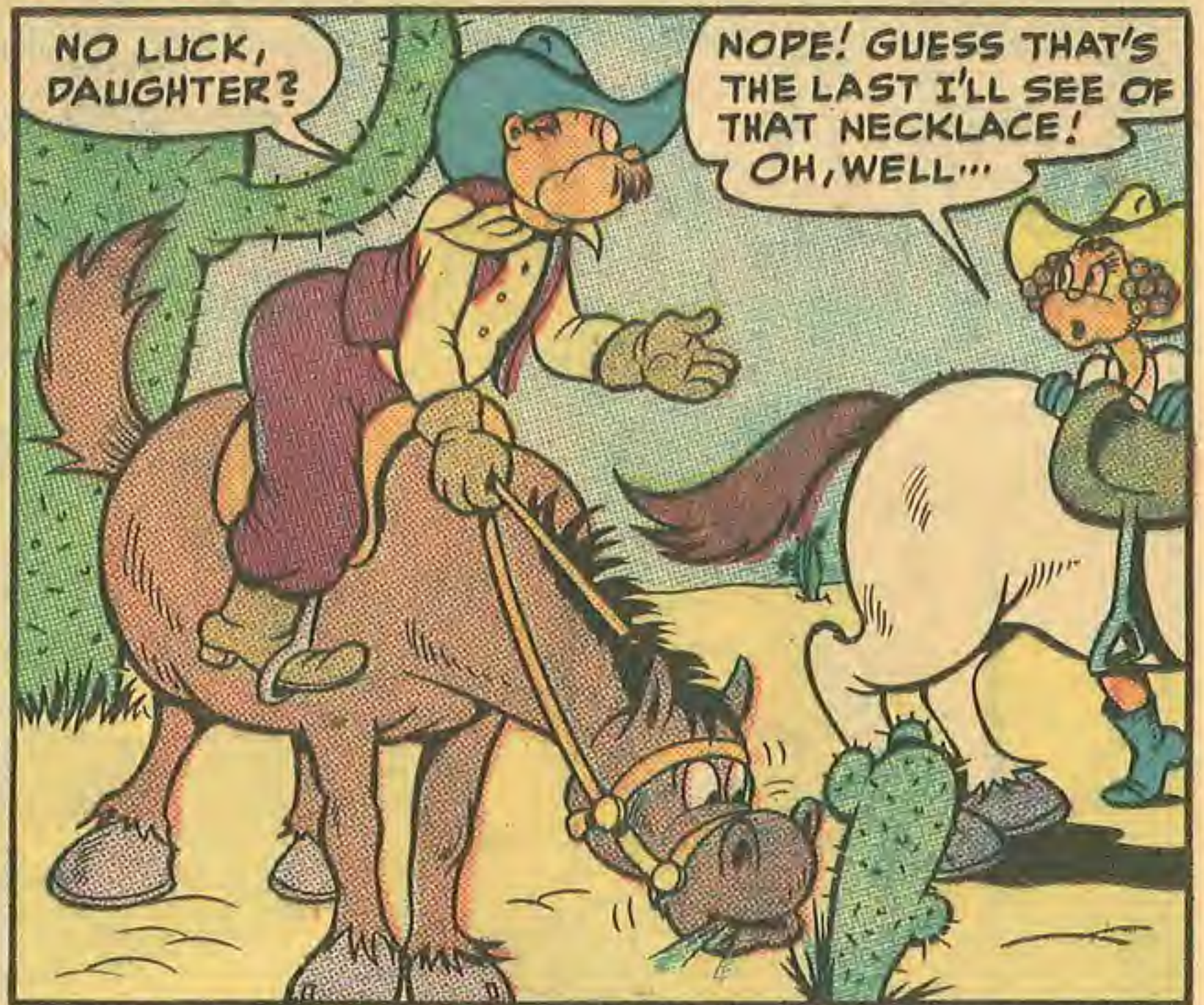


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



SWING SISSON

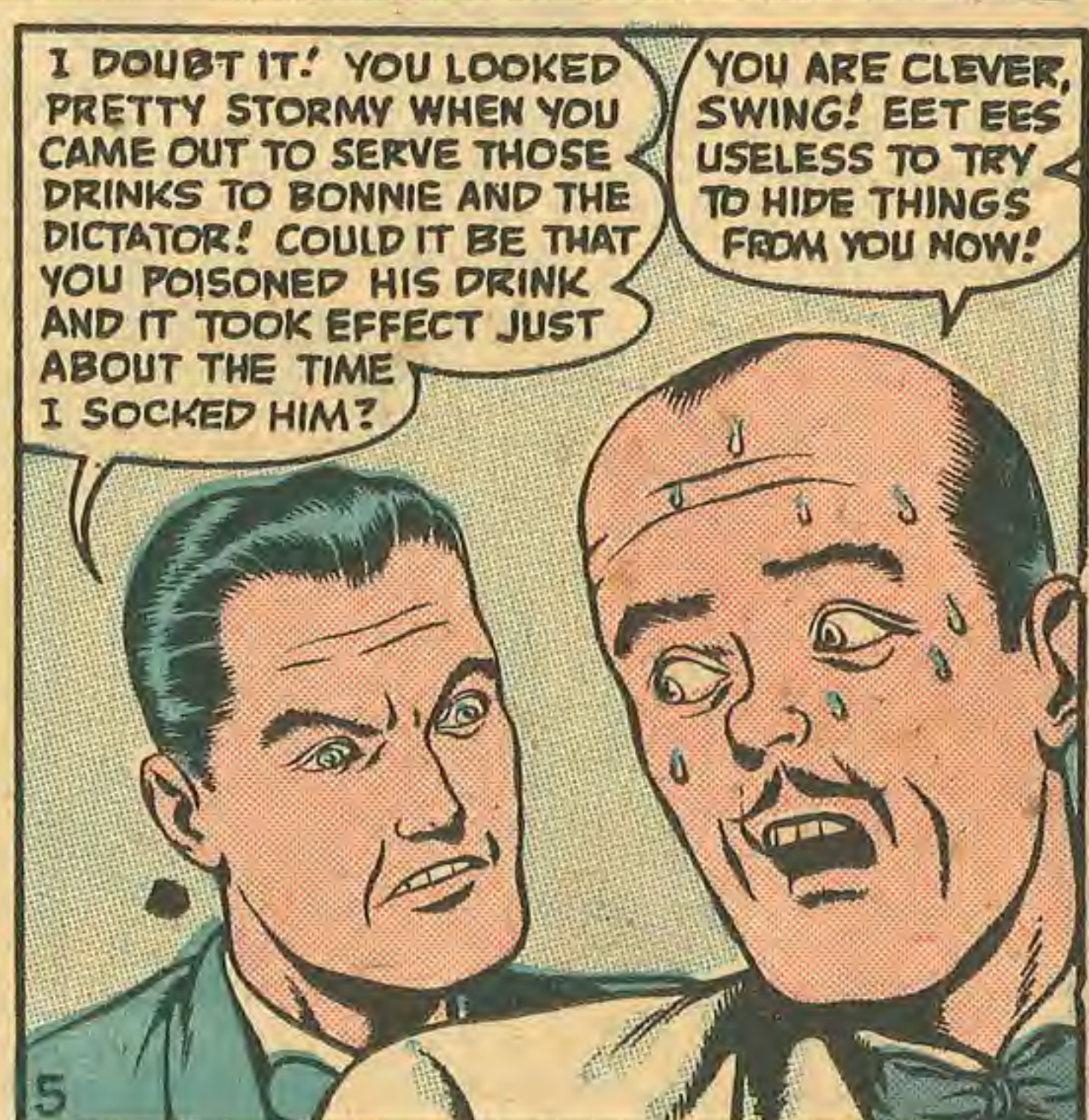


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



The Deadly Double Role

THIS is a strange story of regeneration. Primarily it is the story of a timid chap—a circus clown—who lived a dangerous double role without knowing it.

Grinning Boy was the funniest clown in any circus, probably. His acts were strictly zaney, calculated to bring the house down, and I don't mean just the junior house. He doubled 'em up, laid 'em in the sawdust, did Grinning Boy.

There was one thing about Grinning Boy that the public knew nothing about. He was a coward. He was the most cringing, retiring, trouble-dodging clown the world has ever known.

The thing the public did know about him—and they raved about that—was his accuracy and speed with pistols. Either one or two at the same time. One of Grinning Boy's specialties was to ride around the main ring, with a flock of trained pigeons following him and his buntzy burro, and shoot one and sometimes two of the birds out of the air with uncanny rapidity. The birds always fell fluttering to the ground.

Whenever the societies for prevention of cruelty to animals stepped in, there was a big laugh which the newspapers always took up with much banter. Because what the public didn't know (until the papers exposed it) was that Grinning Boy used blanks in his guns. The pigeons were carefully trained to fall and feign death.

This was a great trick. It was a trick that Mysto had been watching for a long time, and wondering just how he could put it to use.

Mysto, in case you haven't seen the show, is a magician and hypnotist. Good one, too. Mysto is one of those born gamblers who cannot keep away from cards. A fair winner; that is to say, one who wins fairly consistently. But not by straight playing. Mysto always got in trouble before he left a town by being found out as a cheat.

What Mysto figured was that he could make many a quick clean-up if he had just the right

kind of protection. What better protection than straight-shooting guns?

Only Mysto was a lousy shot; never could learn about firearms. So he had been wondering if Grinning Boy actually could shoot well, after so many years of fast drawing.

One evening Mysto went to Grinning Boy's tent wagon and hypnotized him. Now it is well known that a chap who is hypnotized is under the hypnotist's power and can be made to do his bidding.

Mysto led the clown through several quick draws with his guns unloaded, then brought him out of the trance and said good night.

The next day was Sunday. Mysto again worked his dark art on the clown and took him far out of town to a lonely field. He had loaded Grinning Boy's guns with real bullets. He ordered him to shoot at a target with first one gun, then with both. The clown was a wizard shot.

So here was his plan laid right in his lap! Mysto was happy as he brought the clown back in his trance and brought him awake. The clown, of course, had no recollection of what he had done, or where he had been.

As we have told you, Grinning Boy was a physical coward, shying away from trouble like it was a plague. He simply wouldn't take his own part, or that of anyone else's.

There was a girl equestrienne in the troupe whom Grinning Boy liked very much. She liked him, too; but his cowardice dismayed her. Often she hoped he would find himself, wished that she knew something that would help him overcome his horrible handicap of fear.

Bullies are plentiful in circuses, and they took full advantage of the clown, making him dance and do all sorts of ugly things for them by threats.

Grinning Boy did their bidding in a most disgusting manner. The girl felt sick when she saw how he acted.

Mysto was making his plans for the great game he was about to play. He had a black suit made for Grinning Boy. A black fedora

FEATURE COMICS

went with it. Black silk gloves. Grinning Boy would not be a clown when he went forth at night with Mysto! Ah no, the circus clown was to become something that boded ill for anyone who called Mysto in any game.

The first night they went out—Grinning Boy all unconscious of his new guise and job—they entered a famous gambling hall in a western town.

Mysto was soon in a game for high stakes. He was winning with a madman's luck when one of the players suddenly leaped up, scraping his chair over, and shouting that he had been cheated. He made the mistake of going for his gun.

Mysto made an almost imperceptible move. A gun roared, and the gambler cried out, grasping his bullet-shattered right hand with his left. He had dropped his gun. Another of the players made a slight gesture as if reaching for a hidden gun.

Again Grinning Boy's gun blasted. The man screamed as a bullet tore through his right wrist.

And no one around the table, or in the entire room for that matter, was anxious to make any false move. They watched the black-garbed figure with fear-filled eyes. Here, indeed, was one of the old-time gunmen with lightning speed on the draw.

Grinning Boy thus cleared the path for Mysto to make a safe getaway. They both left hurriedly.

There had been one more or less disinterested witness to the double shooting. Perry Scott, on a little quiet vacation, had been watching the game when the drama occurred. He had noticed something strange and almost weird about the gunman's eyes. They were glassy, staring, deadly.

Perry left the gambling hall, now in high confusion, and followed the gunman and his partner. They led him to the edge of town, where the big tents of a traveling show were raised. He watched the gambler take the gunman into a wagon and crouched outside. He listened to the talking, done by the gambler, and then some hard slapping.

"There, you're out of it, boy," said the gambler, Mysto. "Get some sleep."

The gambler left Grinning Boy's wagon and

made for his own, while Perry watched. And did a bit of wondering.

The show was to leave the next morning, but as the roustabouts were pulling down the tents and packing the wagons, a bunch of mounted men were heard riding toward the showgrounds.

Mysto and the girl equestrienne were in a heated argument. Mysto was insisting that he hypnotize Grinning Boy so that they would have the protection of his fast guns.

"I tell you," cried Mysto, "those gamblers mean business. I took them last night, and they're out for blood. Not just mine but everybody's connected with this show."

"No," said the girl. "I want Grinning Boy to stand on his own feet. I thought something like this was going on, but I wasn't sure. Grinning Boy's going to stand alone, himself, or I'm done with him!"

"Okay then!" Mysto whirled and ran like a rabbit for the tall timber.

The first of the horsemen began leaping off their mounts. With guns out they marched into the showgrounds. They demanded of several workers where Mysto was to be found. They pointed out his dressing wagon. But it was empty. They searched everywhere, not finding the hypnotist.

The girl came out of her wagon, demanding to know what they wanted. One of the new arrivals grabbed her, saying something ugly. She slapped his face. He cursed, and grabbed her again. They tussled. She screamed to Grinning Boy to help her.

The clown stood, fighting a great emotional battle. He was drawn between fear and duty. The girl screamed again. Then a change came over his face. His hands moved like darting snakes. Two shots roared out. Two men yelled, dropping their guns. Two more shots from the clown's deadly guns.

The men began yelling and leaping on their horses. Soon the showground was clear of them.

Grinning Boy stood a moment looking at his smoking guns. Then he laughed, dropped them and rolled up his sleeves. "Huh," he grinned, "I never knew I could do it. But I won't need those guns anymore. These will do for further fighting!"

FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

DID UNCLE PHIL TAKE THE KIDS FOR A WALK, MA?

YES, MICHAEL! HE'S IN ONE OF HIS EDUCATIONAL MOODS!

BOYS—MOST ACCIDENTS HAPPEN BECAUSE PEOPLE DO THINGS THEY KNOW THEY SHOULDN'T DO! AND TODAY I INTEND TO SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!

SEE THERE! THAT MAN JUMPIN' OFF THAT TROLLEY BEFORE IT STOPPED! HE COULD HAVE FALLEN AND BROKEN HIS NECK!

NOW THERE'S A PERFECT EXAMPLE! THAT GUY KNEW THE LIGHT WAS CHANGIN'—BUT HE KEPT RIGHT ON GOIN'! HE COULD HAVE CAUSED A BAD SMASH-UP!

AND LOOK AT THAT GUY UP THERE! HE KNOWS HE OUGHT TO COME DOWN AND MOVE THE LADDER OVER—BUT THERE HE IS, RISKIN' HIS LIFE!

THERE'S ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION TO PROVE MY POINT! THOSE FELLAS CHANGIN' SEATS IN THAT ROWBOAT! THEY COULD UPSET IT AND BOTH BE DROWNED!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? INSTEAD OF WAITIN' FOR THE LIGHT TO CHANGE, THAT WOMAN IS WALKING RIGHT THROUGH TRAFFIC! SHE'LL BE LUCKY IF SHE ISN'T HIT!

WELL, PHILIP, I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT THEM BACK IN TIME FOR SUPPER!

I MAY'VE HAD 'EM OUT A LONG WHILE—BUT I LEARNED 'EM PLENTY ABOUT AVOIDIN' ACCIDENTS!

DID YOU EVER HAVE AN ACCIDENT BECAUSE YOU GOT CARELESS, UNCLE PHIL?

NEVER, SUNNY! NEVER!



YOU COULD'VE LOST THE SIGHT OF YOUR EYE, PHIL—YOU MUST BE SLIPPIN'!

I ADMIT IT, MALONEY! I'VE ALWAYS HELD THE SPOON BACK—WITH MY THUMB!

NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

YOU'D BETTER NOT TOUCH IT, NIPPIE!

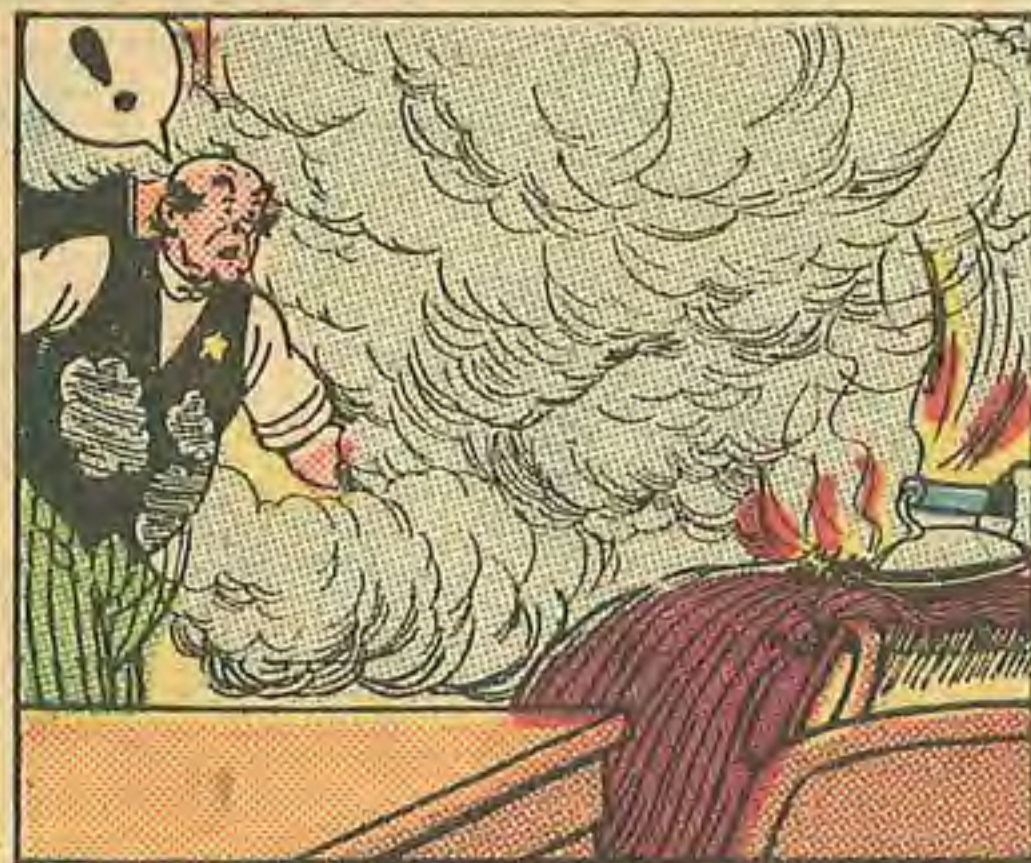
I KNOW HOW TO USE IT! OUR 6 IS ALMOST THE SAME!

TURN IT ON!

EEEEK!



FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

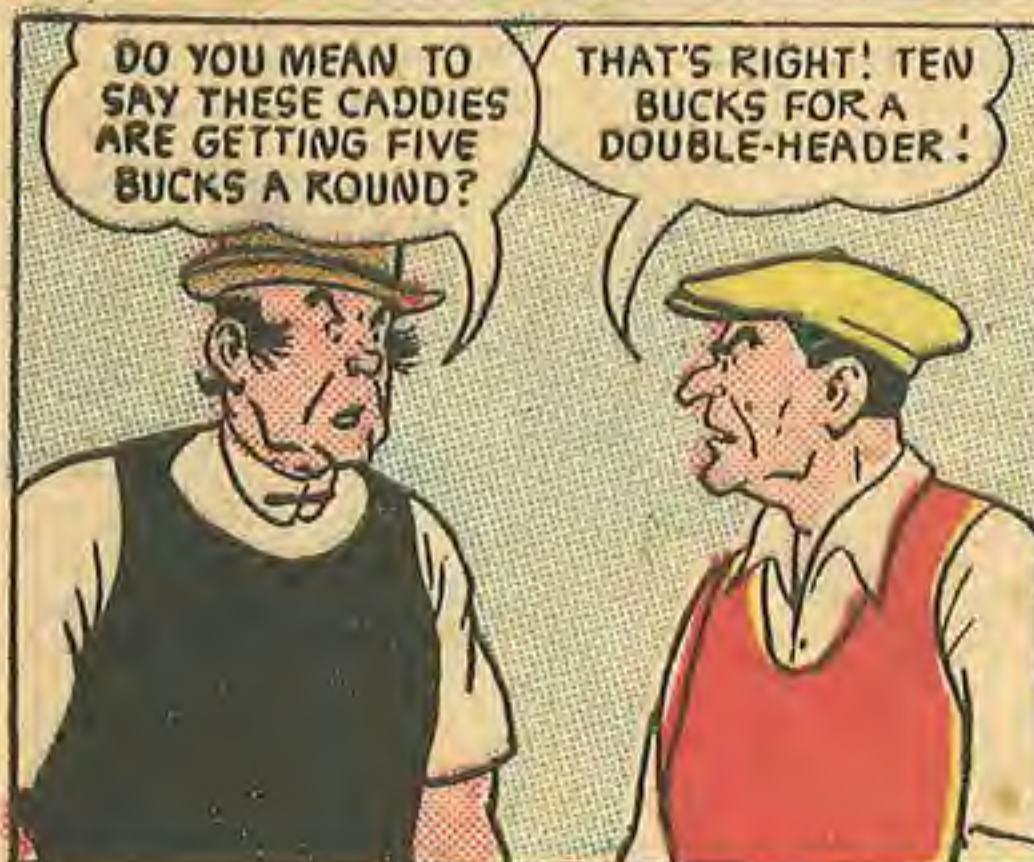
By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



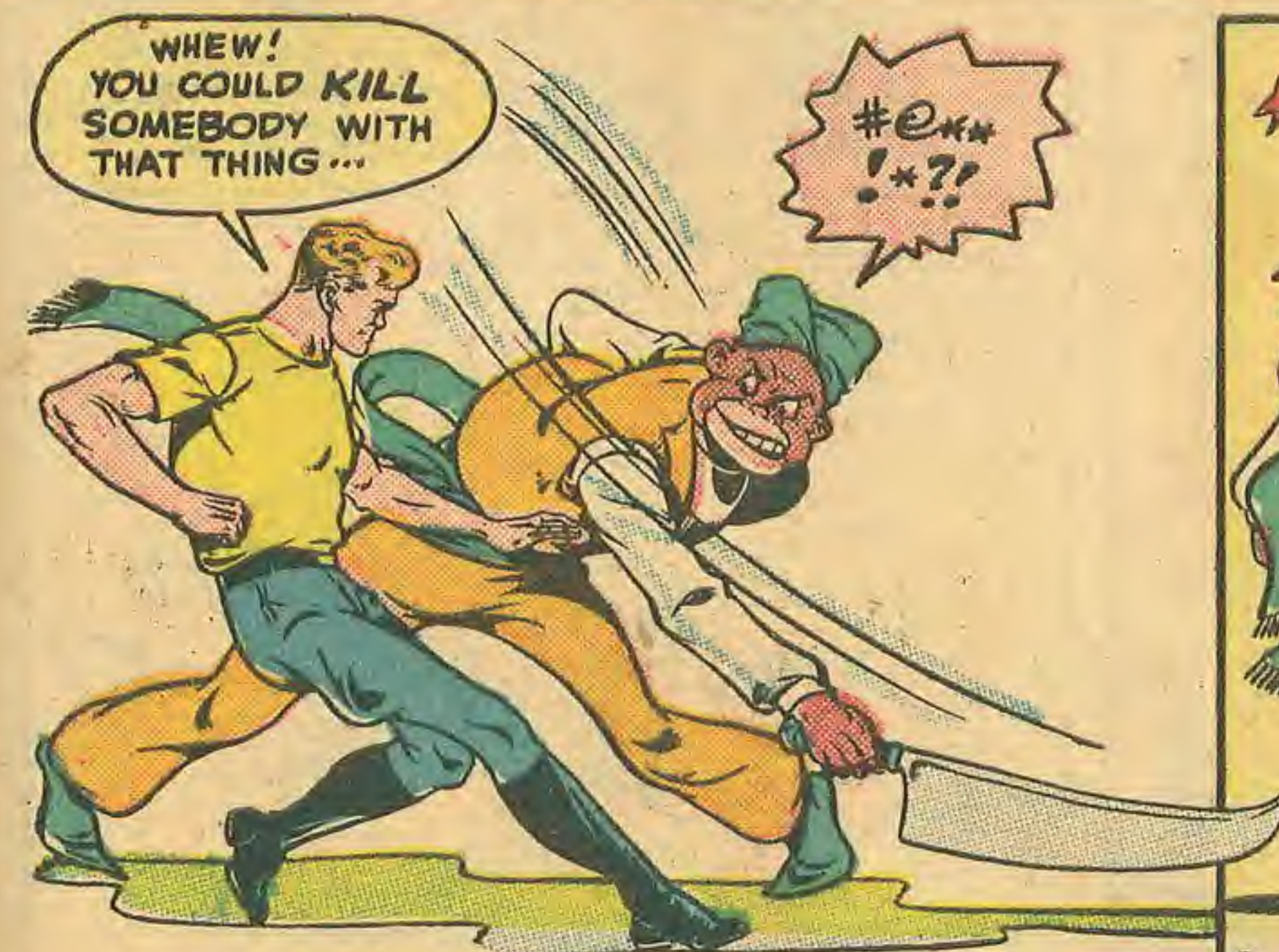
FEATURE COMICS

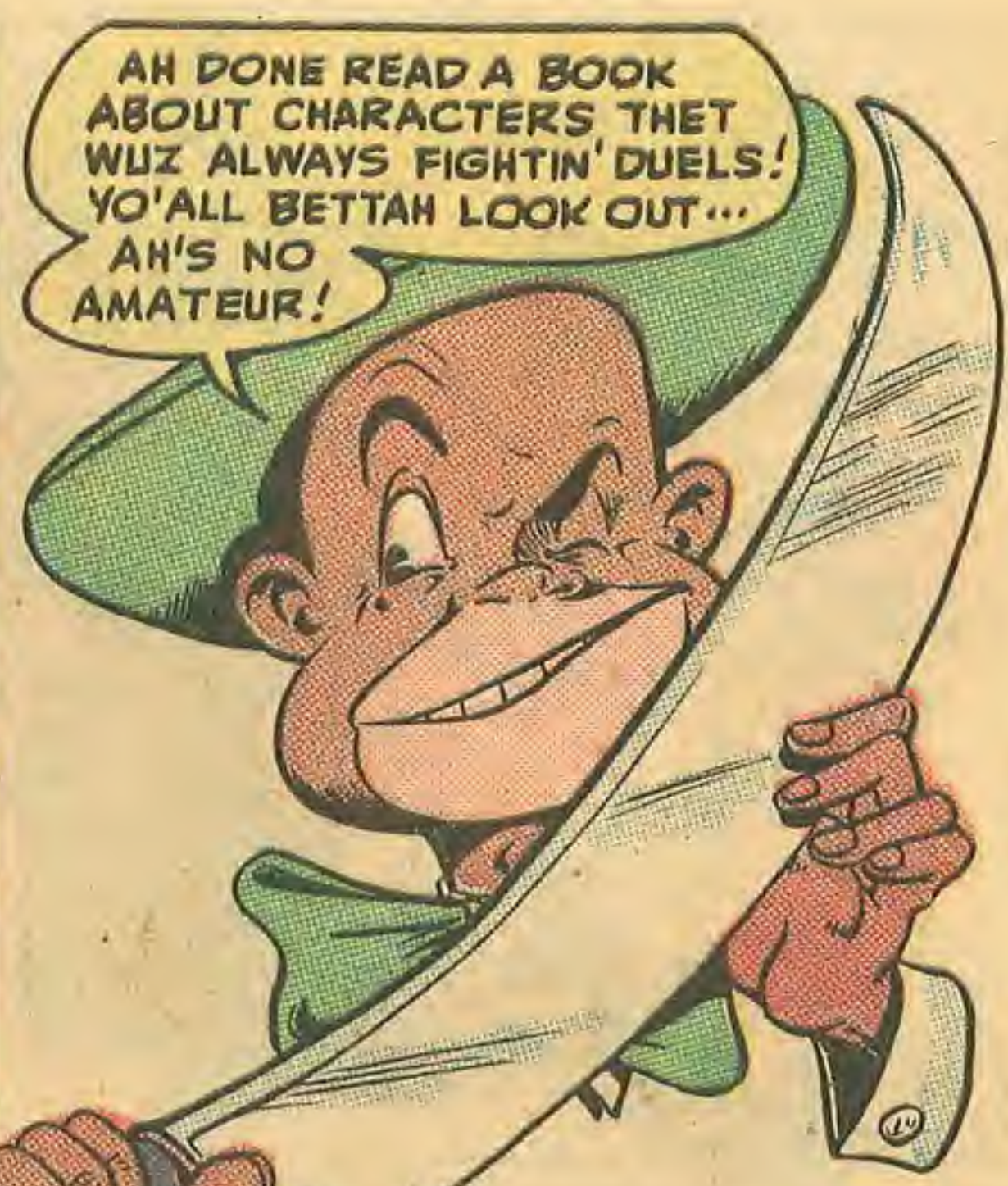


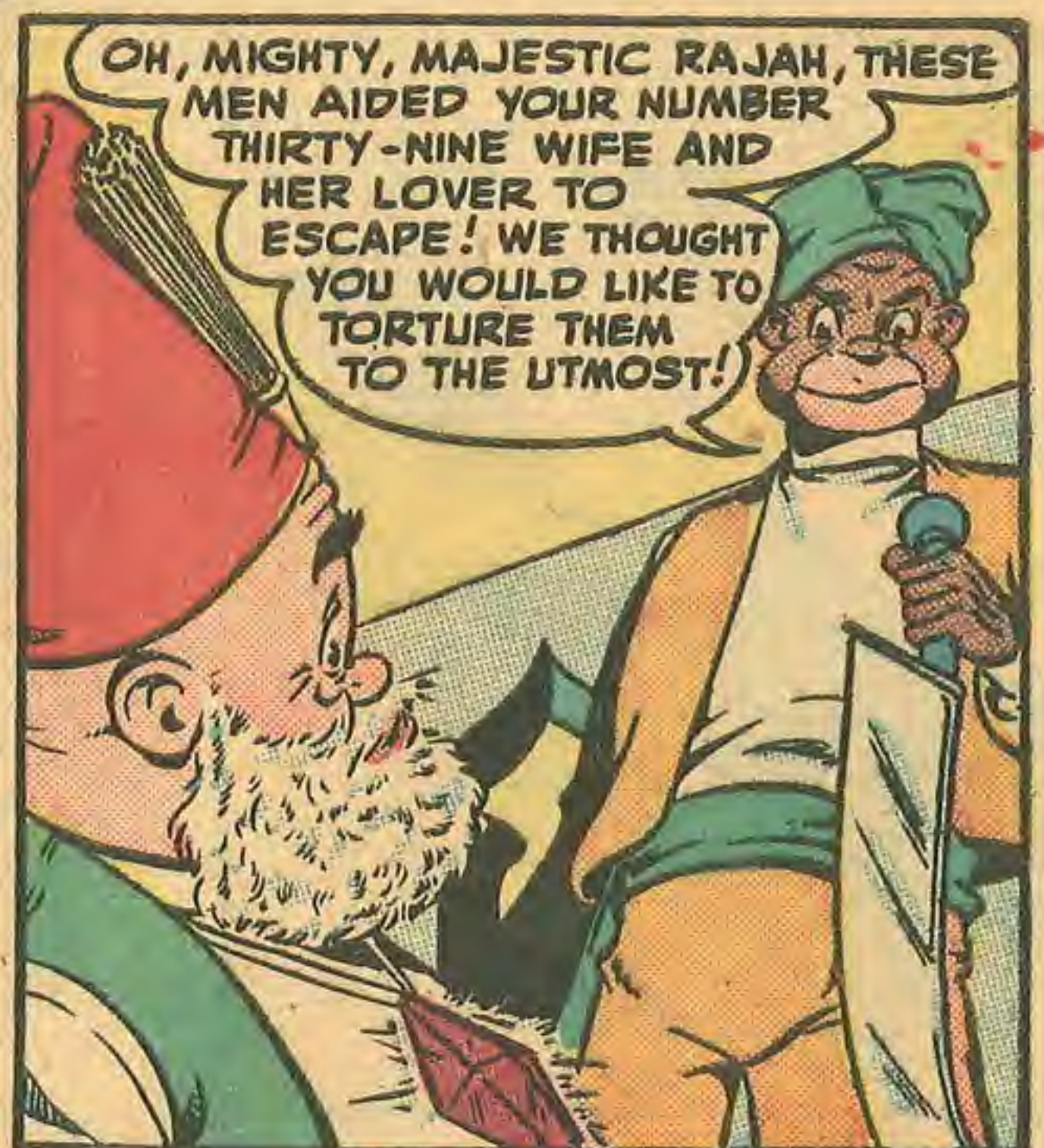
Rusty RYAN



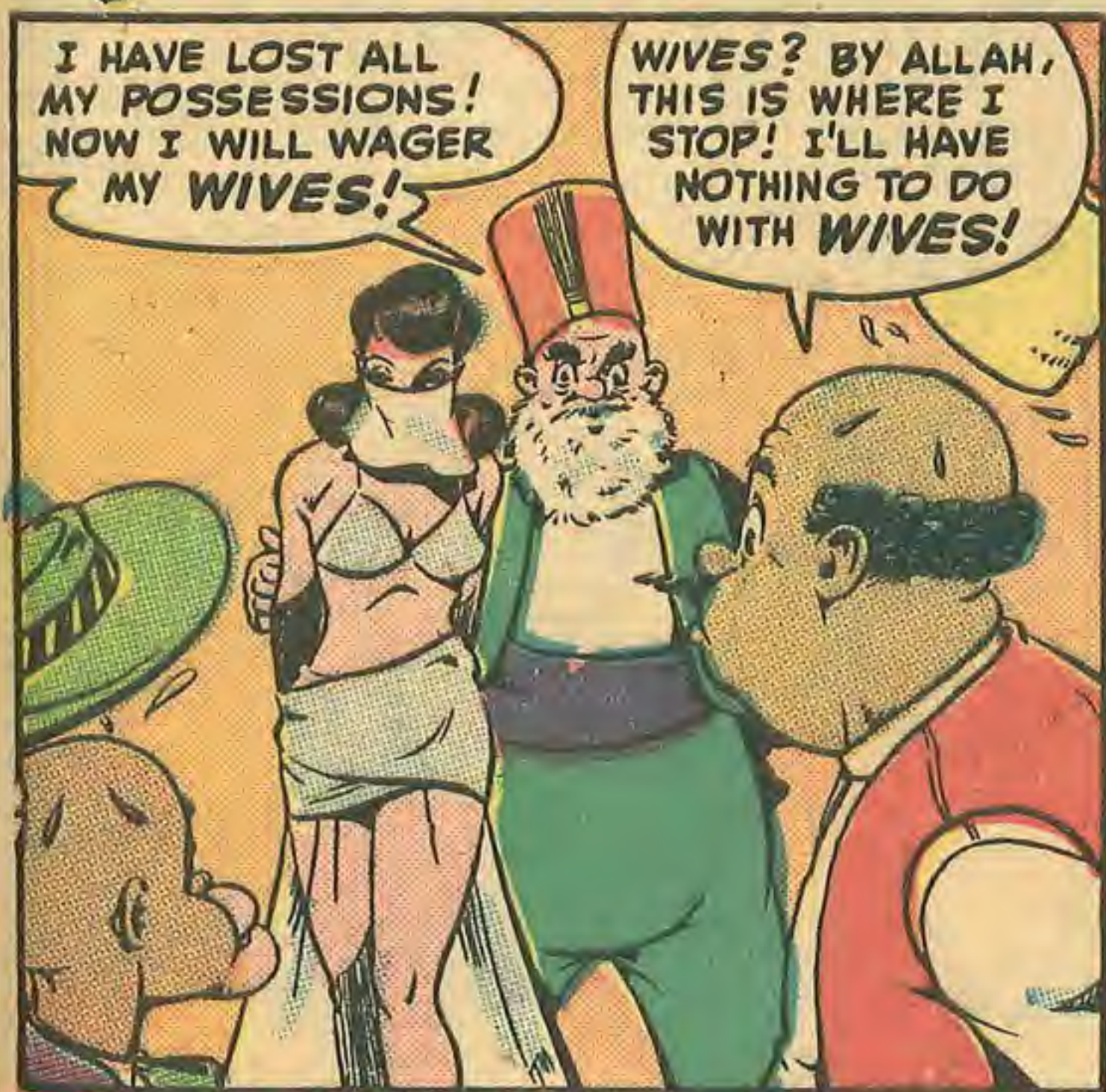
FEATURE COMICS









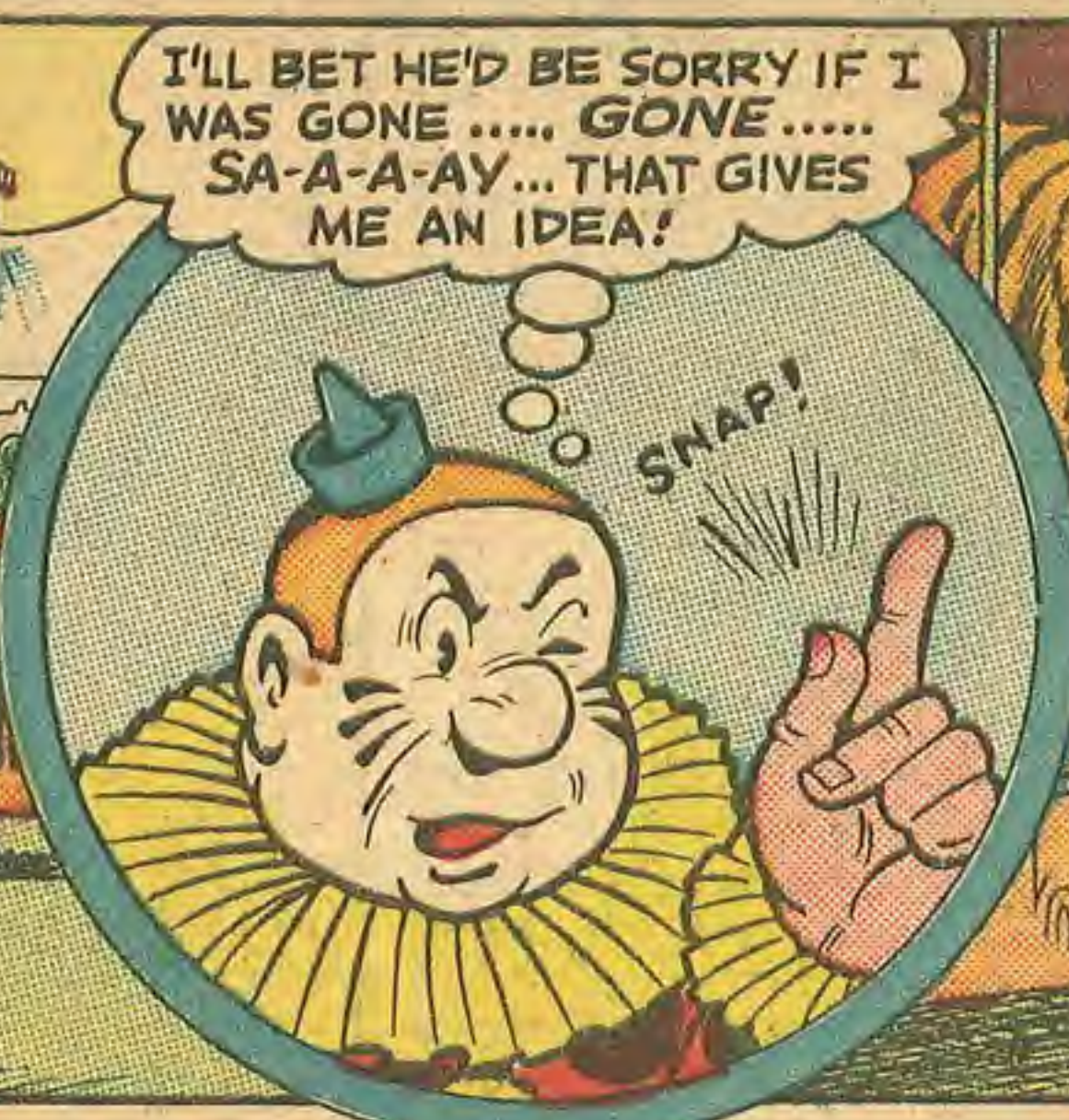
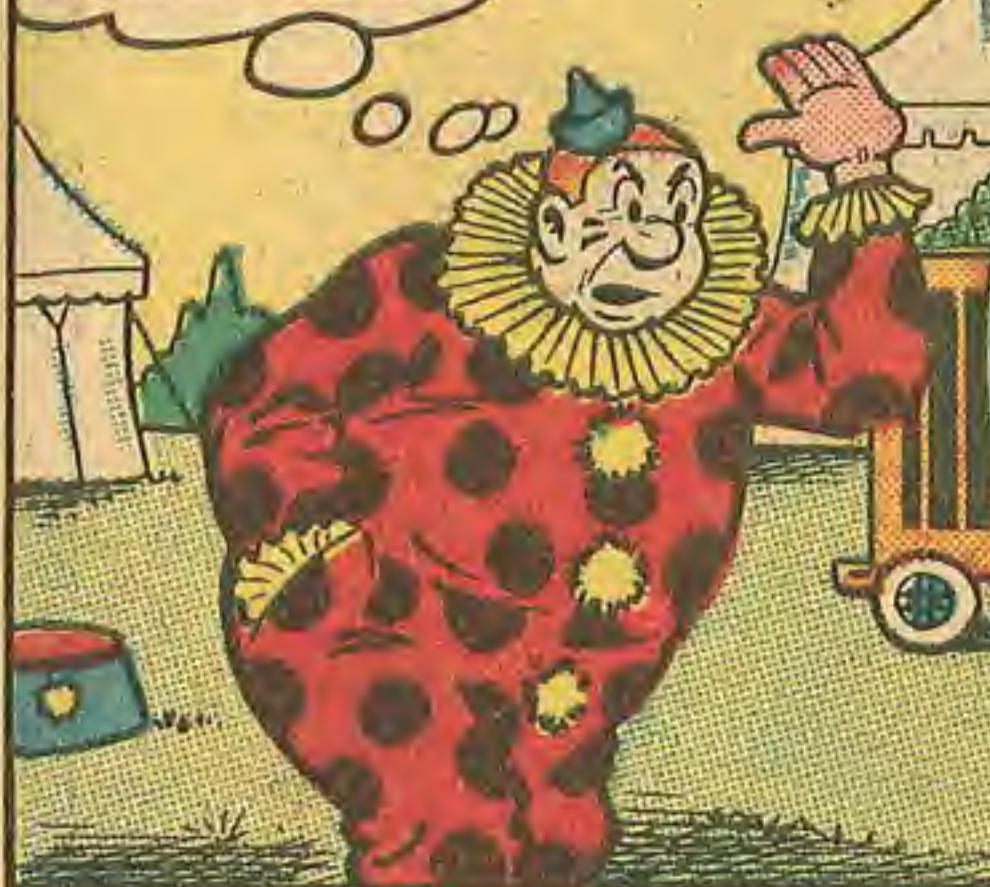


FEATURE COMICS



BIG TOP

"NO! YOU CAN'T HAVE A RAISE, BUTCH! SCRAM, BUTCH!"
... THIRTY YEARS WITH THE CIRCUS AND THE BOSS TREATS ME LIKE A FAT TOMCAT BEGGING HANDOUTS FROM A TIMBER WOLF!



I'LL BET HE'D BE SORRY IF I WAS GONE GONE
SA-A-A-AY... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

I'LL GIVE HIM A SHOCK THAT HE'LL NEVER FORGET HIS WHOLE LIVE-LONG, MORTAL LIFE!



EEEOW!
OW-OWTCH!
OH-OH-OH!
HELLLLP!



WHA-A-AT THE...?



THE TIGER **ET** BUTCH!

BOY! IT'S GETTIN' HIM.... LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA FAINT!



LEMME GET TO A PHONE QUICK!

I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR HIM NOW!



HELLO, DAILY BUGLE?... I GOT A TERRIBLE, TRAGIC, TER-RIF-IC STORY FOR YOU!



BANG'S CIRCUS NOW HAS A WONDERFUL MAN-EATING TIGER! IT'LL BE ON DISPLAY IN A SEPARATE TENT FOR TWO BITS A TICKET!

WHO?... OH, HE JUST ET SOME OLD CLOWN NAMED...



... **BUTCH!**

Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

FUN BOOK

GAMES

SPORTS

MAGIC

COMICS

PUZZLES

HOBBIES

**ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS**



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.
Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

**EXTRA FREE PRIZE
CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete*

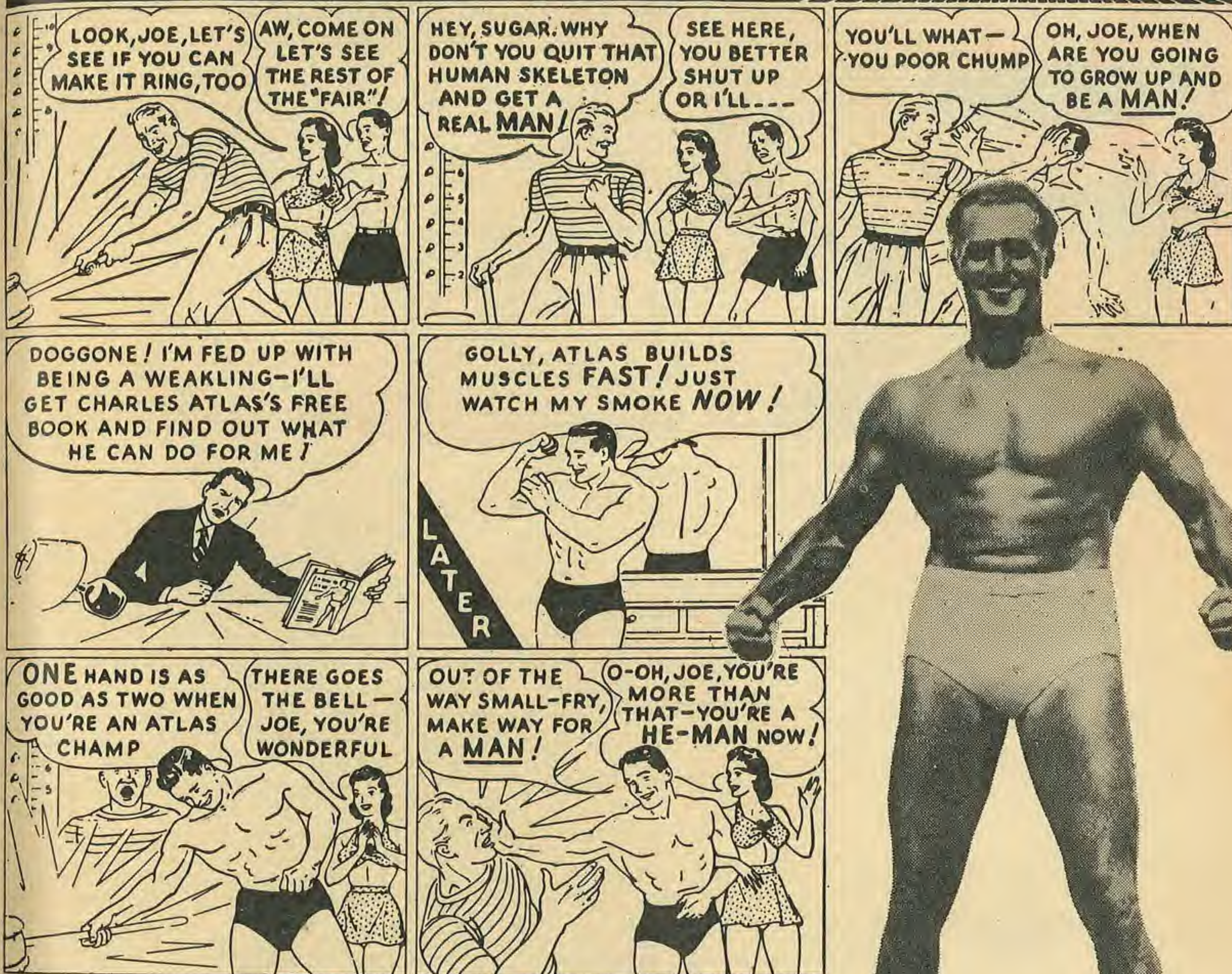
601 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

In Canada Address

100 Sterling Road, Toronto

* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.

The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

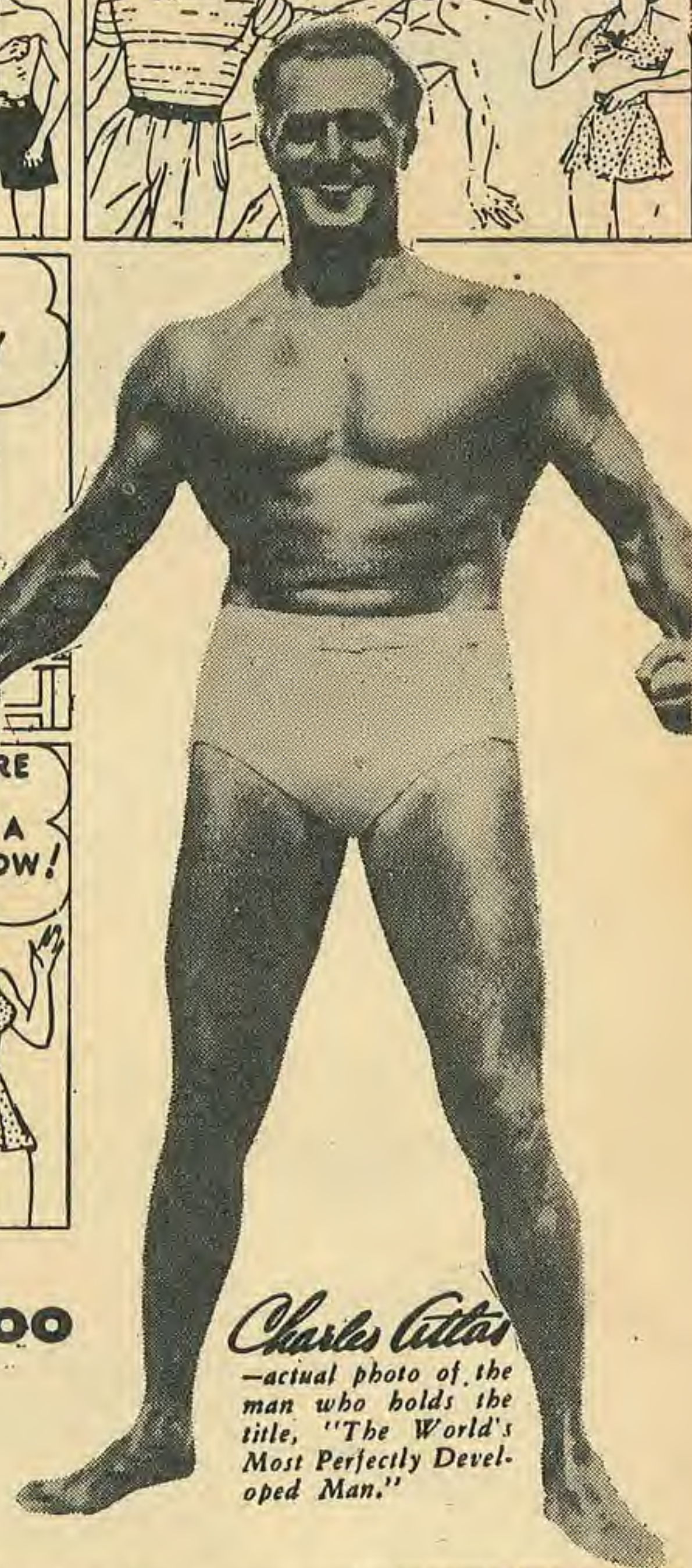
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

tire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 3306, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3306

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



HOW
JET-PROPULSION
WORKS



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL STREAKS TO A STOP
ON HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE...

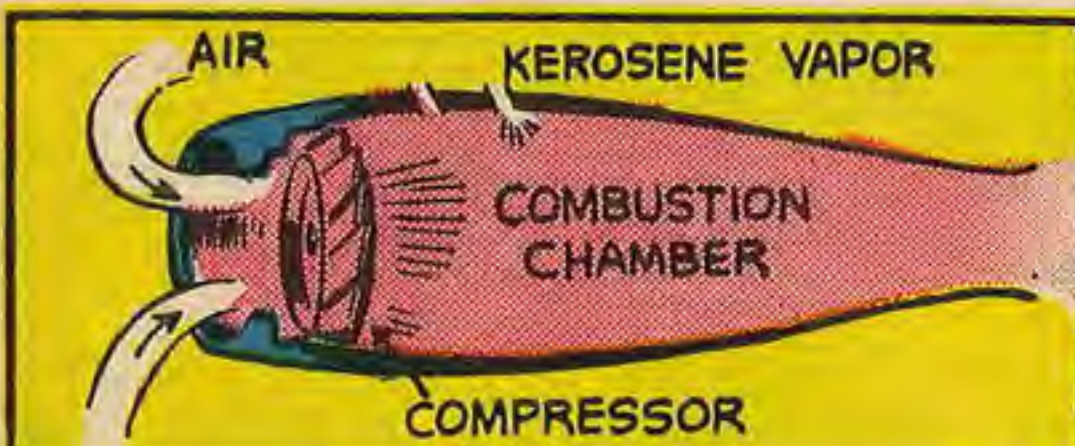
HI, FELLAS!

WOW!
WHAT
SPEED!

GOSH, U.S. --
HOW DOES
THAT JET
ENGINE
WORK?

IT'S EASY, BOYS...
REMEMBER NEWTON'S
THIRD LAW OF MOTION:
EVERY ACTION PRO-
DUCE A RE-ACTION.

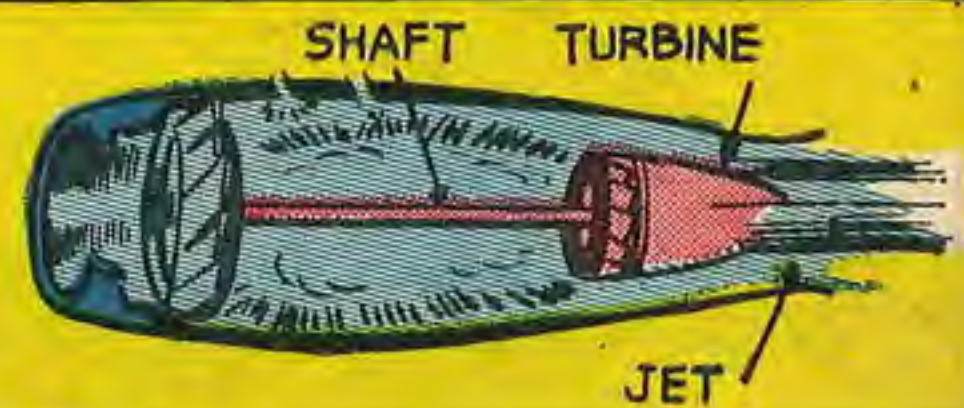
"AS THE AIR SHOOT
OUT OF THIS BALLOON
IN ONE DIRECTION, THE
REACTION PUSHES IT IN
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION."



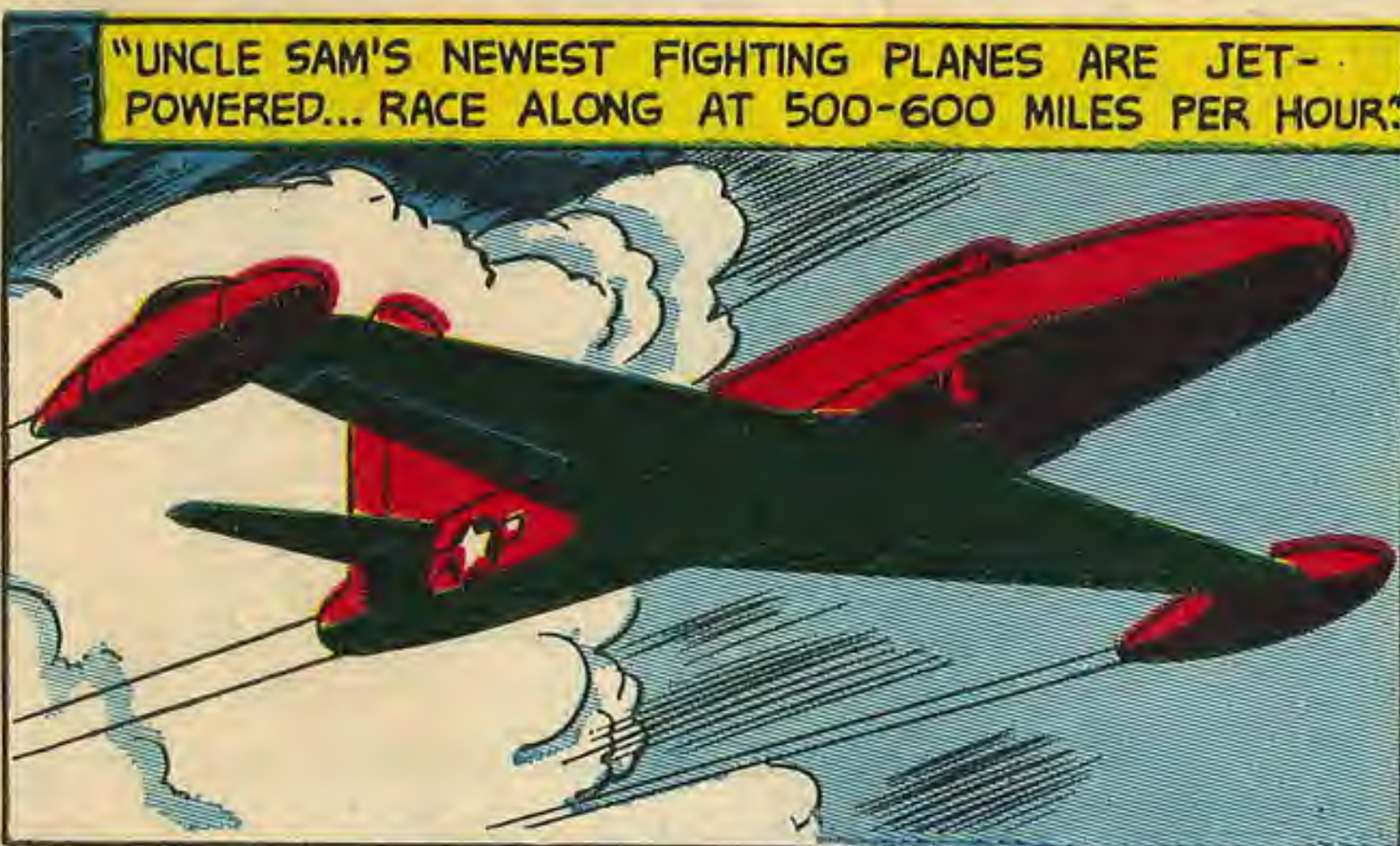
WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR
AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY
...SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND
DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.



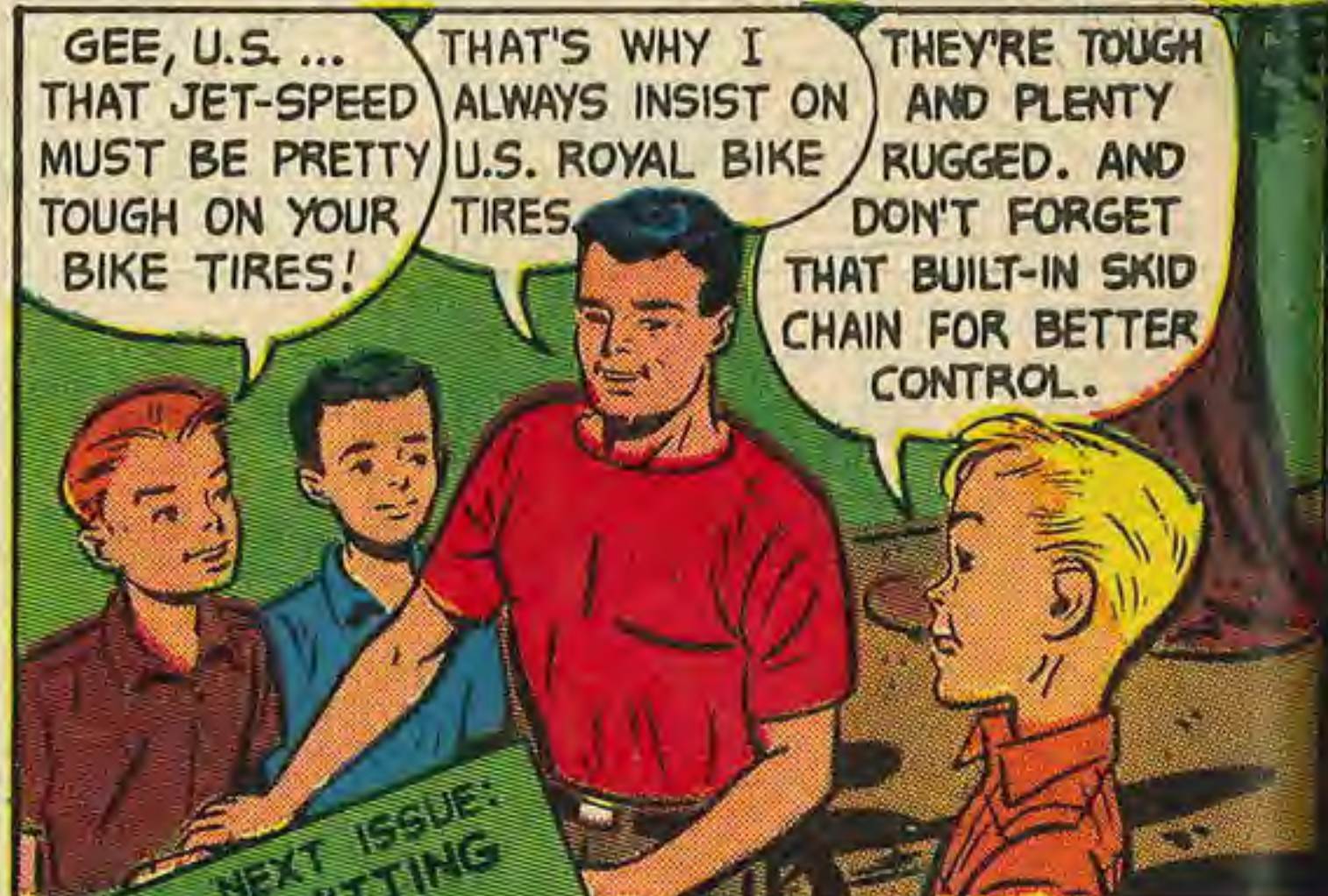
BUT WHAT TURNS THE
FAN UP FRONT?



"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART!
ON THE WAY OUT, THE "JET"
OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS
A TURBINE... ANOTHER SORT OF
FAN. AND THE TURBINE TURNS
A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE
COMPRESSOR."



"UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST FIGHTING PLANES ARE JET-
POWERED... RACE ALONG AT 500-600 MILES PER HOUR."



GEE, U.S. ...
THAT JET-SPEED
MUST BE PRETTY
TOUGH ON YOUR
BIKE TIRES!

THAT'S WHY I
ALWAYS INSIST ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE
TIRES.

THEY'RE TOUGH
AND PLENTY
RUGGED. AND
DON'T FORGET
THAT BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN FOR BETTER
CONTROL.



THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE
...SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!

"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN
YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. "U.S." HOLDS THE
ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION.
THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE
STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

NEXT ISSUE:
OUTWITTING
THE
KIDNAPPERS!